THINGS SEEN IN PARIS

CLIVE HOLLAND

CALENDAR FOR READERS

Where to go in the First half of the year

JANUARY. Black Forest (Winter Sports), **CEYLON,** China, **EGYPT,** India, Morocco (Coast Towns, e.g. Tangier), Riviera, **SWEDEN** (Winter Sports), **SWITZERLAND** (Winter Sports).

FEBRUARY. Black Forest (Winter Sports), **CEYLON,** China, **EGYPT,** India, Morocco (Coast Towns, e.g. Tangier), Naples, Palestine, Rome, **RIVIERA, SICILY, SOUTH SPAIN, SWEDEN** (Winter Sports), **Switzerland** (Winter Sports).

MARCH. Belgium, Ceylon, Egypt, India, Japan, **MOROCCO, NAPLES, PALESTINE, RIVIERA,** Rome, **SICILY,** North Spain, **CENTRAL and SOUTH SPAIN.**

APRIL. **BELGIUM,** Canary Islands, Channel Islands, Constantinople, Corsica, **FLORENCE, GREECE,** Holland, **ITALIAN LAKES, JAPAN, KASHMIR,** Madeira, **MOROCCO, NAPLES, PALESTINE, PARIS, PORTUGAL, PROVENCE, ROME,** Rhine, **RIVIERA, SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY, SICILY, NORTH, CENTRAL and SOUTH SPAIN,** Switzerland, Venice, Vienna.

MAY. **BELGIUM,** Black Forest, **CAMBRIDGE,** Canary Islands, **CHANNEL ISLANDS,** Chateaux Country, **CONSTANTINOPLE,** Corsica, **DOLOMITES** (from middle of May), Edinburgh, English Lakes, **FLORENCE, GREECE,** Holland, **ITALIAN LAKES, KASHMIR,** London, Madeira, Morocco, Naples, **OXFORD, PARIS, PORTUGAL, PROVENCE,** Pyrenees, **RHINE** (from middle of May), Riviera, **ROME,** Shakespeare's Country, **SICILY, NORTH and CENTRAL SPAIN, SWITZERLAND,** Venice, Vienna, Wales.

JUNE. **BELGIUM,** Black Forest, Cambridge, Canada, **CHANNEL ISLANDS, CHATEAUX COUNTRY, CONSTANTINOPLE,** Corsica, **DOLOMITES, EDINBURGH,** Florence, **ENGLISH LAKES,** Holland, London, Normandy and Brittany, Norway, Oxford (first part of June) Paris, Portugal, **PYRENEES, RHINE, RUSSIA, SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, NORTH SPAIN, SWEDEN,** Switzerland, Venice, Vienna.

FULLER particulars of When and Why to will be found in the volumes of the Service & Co. Ltd., London, under the title

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MARJORIE HARRIS.

WHO INTEND TO GO ABROAD

Where to go in the Second half of the year

JULY. Black Forest, Canada (Eastern), Channel Islands, **CHATEAUX COUNTRY**, Edinburgh, Normandy and Brittany, **NORWAY**, North Wales, Scottish Highlands, **SWEDEN**, Switzerland.

AUGUST. Black Forest, Canada, Ceylon, Channel Islands, **CHATEAUX COUNTRY**, Normandy and Brittany, **NORWAY**, Pyrenees, Scottish Highlands, **SOUTH RUSSIA**, **SWEDEN**, Switzerland.

SEPTEMBER. **BELGIUM**, Canada, Ceylon, **CHANNEL ISLANDS**, **CHATEAUX COUNTRY**, China, Constantinople, **DOLOMITES**, Edinburgh, English Lakes, Florence (latter part of the month); **GREECE**, **HOLLAND**, **ITALIAN LAKES**, Japan, Morocco, Normandy and Brittany, **PYRENEES**, **RHINE**, **SOUTH RUSSIA**, **SOUTH SWEDEN**, Spain, Switzerland.

OCTOBER. Belgium, Canada, Channel Islands, Chateaux Country, China, Constantinople, Egypt, English Lakes, **FLORENCE**, Greece, Italian Lakes (early part of month), Japan, **KASHMIR**, Morocco, Naples, **PORTUGAL**, **ROME**, Rhine, Spain, Venice.

NOVEMBER. China, **EGYPT**, **FLORENCE**, **KASHMIR**, Provence, Riviera.

DECEMBER. China, Egypt, India, Riviera.

visit most of the places mentioned in this Calendar
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NOTRE DAME

One of the most historic churches in France, Notre Dame, built in 1163 on the site of a fourth-century church, never fails to interest the visitor to Paris. Its rose window, three portals of the façade, and flying buttresses are the chief features of the exterior.

THINGS SEEN IN PARIS

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SOCIAL LIFE, AMUSEMENTS & THE MANY ATTRACTIONS OF BEAUTIFUL PARIS

BY

CLIVE HOLLAND

AUTHOR OF "THINGS SEEN IN JAPAN," "THINGS SEEN IN NORMANDY & BRITTANY," *&c. &c. &c.*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

London
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Note for Readers who intend to Visit Paris

There are many people who declare that Paris is a city that may be visited at all times of the year with enjoyment, and to a large extent this is true. Naturally some seasons however, are more attractive than others. Paris in winter, say November, December and January, is a city where one will need to rely very largely for one's real pleasure upon indoor amusements, and frankly will not find quite the same degree of comfort indoors as say in London or New York. The ideal seasons in which to visit Paris are spring and early autumn. Paris in the summer months is not only often extremely hot, but is really almost deserted by the Parisians of the better classes, and becomes very much a city of tourists. Spring in Paris, say from the latter part of March onwards, is a delightful season, the green foliage of the Bois de Boulogne and on the Boulevards is beautiful. The atmosphere is warm, the sunshine brilliant and the city looks wonderfully clean and bright, and there is a very marked air of spring about its life. In summer—Paris is very hot, and often dusty. Autumn in Paris, especially the earlier portion of that season, is delightful. There is a softness in the air during the day and a keenness towards sunset which is bracing, and the autumn tints in the Bois and in the well-treed open spaces are very charming, while on the Boulevards the falling leaves of russet, red and gold chase each other in the gentle wind like birds; and the city's night life and amusements seem to reawaken after the *cloture annuel* of many of the theatres, and indoor places of amusement. The river is fascinating both at dawn and sunset—with its pearly mists, and dazzling illuminations reflected in its water, and the view from the heights of Montmartre—for example from the Terasse of the Sacré Coeur—is wonderfully beautiful towards sunset, the city lying spread out beneath one, softened by the blue haze, and its lights coming out one by one like glow-worms, make it a fairyland.

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A NEWSPAPER KIOSK

The newspaper kiosks, gaily painted and covered with advertisements, are a feature of the Paris streets. Their proprietors are often interesting to talk to, as sometimes they have a wide knowledge of Paris celebrities.

Things Seen in Paris

CHAPTER I

THE STORY OF PARIS

The Founders of Paris—The Growth of the City by the Seine—Dramatic Happenings in its History—The Massacre of St. Bartholomew—The Revolution—The Siege of Paris—The Commune—Paris of To-day.

PARIS is one of the most ancient as well as most modern of the cities of Europe. The date of the first settlement made upon islands amid the marshes, which in those ancient times covered a considerable part of the land now occupied by the present-day city, is lost in the mists of antiquity. One has to go back as far as the days of Julius Cæsar for the first historical mention of a settlement on the banks of the Seine. The great Roman conqueror in his account of the subjection of Gaul in 53 B.C. mentions a tribe called the Parisii, who ultimately gave their name to the capital of France, inhabiting an island in the Seine which is approximately the Île de la Cité of to-day. The chief town of the Parisii became known as Lutetia. The Romans established a colony here, and extended it gradually to the south bank of the river where some Roman remains of considerable importance, including the Arènes de Lutèce, going back undoubtedly to the third century, and situated near the Jardin des Plantes, are still traceable. The arena has been in recent times carefully restored.

The famous Julian the Apostate was Governor of this

part of the Roman Empire, and it was from Lutetia that he set out to seize the Imperial crown in A.D. 361.

Rather more than a century before, St. Denis had brought Christianity to the Roman city by the Seine, and had suffered martyrdom on the Hill of Montmartre.

The city changed its name to Paris somewhere about the beginning of the fifth century, and was about that time frequently referred to by the new name in place of that of Lutetia. The Huns swept across Europe in A.D. 451, but Paris was spared by them owing to the prayers of St. Geneviève. The last of the Roman Governors was expelled by Clovis, the first Christian king of France, the founder of the Merovingian Dynasty, which lasted from A.D. 480 to 750. The city does not appear to have largely increased under Clovis and his immediate successors, and there are no traces remaining of any buildings erected during this period.

The next dynasty to reign in Paris, known as the Carlovingian, lasted from A.D. 750 till the dawn of the eleventh century. Charlemagne, who reigned from A.D. 768 till A.D. 814, was the most famous ruler of a dynasty which did little for the city. He transferred the seat of Government to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the later Carlovingian kings appear to have been unable to protect the city from repeated sacking by the Norsemen who came across the North Sea, and swept up the river in their galleys even into the heart of the city itself. Of this period there are some architectural survivals, including the beautiful abbey of St. Denis, and the tower of St. Germain des Prés.

The succeeding Capetian Dynasty, which lasted from 987 till 1328, did much for Paris. The first of the Capetians, Hugh by name, assumed the title of King of France, and ascended the throne in 987. His family had for several generations played a great part in the life of Paris, and under him and his successors the city was greatly strengthened, and numerous churches and

ecclesiastical establishments arose both within and without the walls. Traces of these are to be found in Notre Dame, parts of the church of St. Germain des Prés, and in the foundations of the Palace of the Louvre.

It was during the reign of Phillip Augustus, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, that Paris first took its place as one of the principal cities of Europe. Under his rule the city was paved, and its walls and towers were erected. To Louis IX (1226–70) however, remains the credit of building those beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture, the interior and west front of Notre Dame, and the Sainte Chapelle. Paris, too, already possessed a University, which this great king, who became known as St. Louis, reorganised, added to, and strengthened intellectually by the foundation of other schools and colleges. It was Robert de Sorbon, the King's chaplain, who founded the college now known by his name, the Sorbonne, which became the centre of the University, and the home of its governing body. The successors of Louis IX proved unable to carry on the work he had commenced. Their power, too, was menaced on two sides : by the great feudal lords on the one hand, and on the other by the increasingly ungovernable populace of Paris. The home of the Kings of France of this period was on the site of the Palace of the Louvre, but of this medieval palace no trace remains, and of this period there are scarcely any survivals. Speedily a classical city replaced the Gothic. Of the latter there still remain some of its churches—St. Sevérin and St. Merry—some hotels and mansions, those of Cluny, de Sens, and the grim towers of the Conciergerie, rare evidences of a bygone age.

It is interesting to note that in this period of French history there were officials charged with the punishment of traders and others who speculated in food supplies, and of profiteers of that day. These officials occupied the towers of the Conciergerie.

The House of Valois reigned in Paris for rather more than three centuries and a half, from 1328 to 1589. The first century of this period was occupied with the troubles arising out of the Hundred Years War with England, and civil strife, which went on at the same time between the various great nobles, whose territories, wealth, and influence often exceeded that of the Crown itself. The defeats of the French at Creçy and Poitiers led Paris to attempt a period of municipal rule after the capture of the French king, Jean the Second (1350–64) by the English. The city, however, swiftly drifted into chaos, and became the prey of the opposing supporters of the House of Burgundy and those of the Duke of Orleans, and much fighting took place in its streets. The city was held by the English for a period of twenty years, and resisted the siege by Joan of Arc in 1429, who was wounded whilst inspecting the walls.

The English were finally driven out of Paris in 1446 in the reign of Charles VII (1442–61). Louis XI who succeeded him made a great effort to become popular with the citizens, and took steps to magnify the importance of his capital as a means of reducing the power of the nobility. During this period many magnificent later Gothic churches were built, including St. Séverin, St. Étienne du Mont, St. Eustache, the famous Tour St. Jacques, and the Hôtel de Sens.

During the period immediately following the reign of Charles VIII (1483–98) Paris entered upon the Renaissance, which was destined so deeply to affect the art and life of France as well as of the rest of Europe. The Italian artists, who gained great favour at Court by reason of their imagination wedded to great technical skill, introduced the new spirit in architecture, and decorated many of the royal palaces. Upon the site of the old Louvre Francis I (1515–47) erected the new Louvre, and there are scattered throughout Paris many evidences of the spirit of the Renaissance which is also

found in portions of the Palace of Fontainebleau. Francis I did not succeed in finishing his plan to erect a new palace on the site occupied by the older building of the Louvre, nor did his son Henry II, who was killed at a tournament held in the Place des Vosges in 1549, live to complete the work. This was accomplished by his queen, Catherine de Médicis, who also built the Palace of the Tuileries, destroyed during the Commune in 1871. Catherine ruled Paris with a rod of iron, and was responsible for the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, when the streets of Paris ran red with the blood of Protestants. Three of her sons succeeded to the crown of France—Francis II (1559–60); Charles IX (1560–74) and Henry III (1574–89). At the time of the death of the last-named king Paris was one of the strongholds of the Catholic party favouring Henry IV; who had succeeded to the throne, but was refused recognition by the capital until he announced his conversion to the Catholic faith. With the accession of Henry IV to the throne the House of Bourbon was established. The King, with a view to winning the favour of the citizens, formed extensive plans for the improvement of the city. He was responsible for many new squares, including the Place des Vosges on the site of the tournament field, and the Place Dauphine; and additions were made to the Louvre; the Pont Neuf was built, and Paris began to assume a less medieval aspect. During the succeeding reign of Louis XIII (1610–43) the late King's plans were carried further by the Queen Mother, Marie de Médicis, and Cardinal Richelieu, her adviser. The Palace of the Luxembourg and its beautiful gardens, which were built for the Queen, remain one of the most interesting architectural survivals of this period, and the present Palais Royal was built by Richelieu as a residence for himself. Other places dating from this time are the Académie Française, the rebuilt Sorbonne, and the additions to the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Paris made considerable progress during the long minority of Louis XIV (1643–1715), and the city during the early years of his reign had such prosperity as had not been known for a very long time. France, too, had during that period become a great political power in Europe, and during the latter portion of Louis XIV's reign it became the intellectual, artistic, and fashionable centre of the world. Many other public buildings were begun at this period, and Cardinal Mazarin, Richelieu's successor, had a great deal to do with the building of the Institut de France, which was originally intended as a home for the College des Quatre Nations, which the Cardinal had founded for the purpose of educating the sons of wealthy families of Flanders, Italy, Germany, and Spain in French arts and culture.

The triumph of the French armies in the field, commanded by Condé and Tourenne, led to the erection of the triumphal arches of the Porte St. Denis and Porte St. Martin ; the completion of the eastern façade of the Louvre, and the construction of the squares now known as the Place de la Concorde—which has borne several names—and the Place Vendôme.

A remarkable development of Paris took place during this period, though the King himself spent as little time as possible in his capital and transferred the seat of the Government and the Court to the great Palace of Versailles. Many of his nobles, however, preferred Paris to Versailles for themselves, and founded private hotels or mansions in the neighbourhood of the Faubourgs St. Honoré and St. Germain, and in the district known as the Marais. Most of those that still remain have passed from the possession of descendants of the original owners into that of the State, and are occupied for the purposes of public buildings, such as the Banque de France, and the Imprimerie Nationale.

The prosperity and progress of Paris in the past has been largely marked by the number and splendour of the

public and private buildings erected during a given period.

On the death of Louis XIV, Philippe d'Orleans, uncle of Louis XV (1715–74), became Regent. Philippe was of a dissipated and careless type, and the prosperity of the city and that of France itself declined. Few new buildings of note were erected in the capital during his regency; the chief, however, were the Church of St. Sulpice, the Palais Bourbon, and the Panthéon, none of which compared favourably with the beautiful buildings of the previous reign. Louis XVI came to the throne at a period of great economic pressure, brought about chiefly by the widespread extravagance of previous generations. Efforts were made by the King to stabilise the national finances, and he was well seconded by Necker and Turgot, whose suggested reforms, however, could not stem the tide of approaching disaster. His reign of nineteen years, from 1774 to 1793, comprised one of the most disturbed periods of French history.

In May, 1789, the King called together a meeting of the Assembly of the States-General, and the same year marked rioting in Paris, the capture and destruction of the Bastille, the attack on Versailles, and the bringing of the King back to Paris practically a prisoner. The calling together in September, 1792, of a National Convention was followed by the abolition of Royalty, and the trial and execution of the King and Queen in 1793, and the Reign of Terror, which came to an end with the fall of Robespierre on July 28th, 1794.

Paris has always been peculiarly the heart of France, and therefore the history of Paris has always largely been that of the country as a whole. In 1795 the Central Authority of the Republic became vested in the hands of a Directory, which was superseded in 1799 by a Consulate, with Napoleon Bonaparte as first Consul.

Little was done during the last troublous years of the eighteenth century, and the first two decades of the

nineteenth century, to change the aspect of Paris by the erection of new buildings or the planning of new streets or squares. Louis XVI, however, enclosed the Palace of his time within a new wall, and gained some amount of unpopularity by so doing. But the Revolutionary period, if it was not one of building, set its sign upon Paris in a sense when it carved the three words of Liberté, Égalité, and Fraternité as its motto on its churches and public buildings.

During the Consulate and the first Empire, in the first years of the nineteenth century, many of the narrow streets formerly in the district to the north of the Louvre were pulled down and replaced by the arcades of the Rue Castiglione, and Rue de Rivoli, which date from this time. Of the same period are the Arc du Carrousel, and Arc de Triomphe de L'Étoile, from which were made to radiate a number of wide new avenues bearing the names of the Emperor's victories, and the generals concerned with him in winning them.

The Restoration period and that of the Second Empire did very little to alter the appearance of Paris. The reigns of the three monarchs comprising it, Louis XVIII (1814–24), Charles X (1824–30), and Louis Philippe (1830–48), left Paris very much as it was. The Second Republic, which followed the rising of 1848, was in its turn overthrown by Louis Napoleon, 1851, who was elected Emperor of the French in the following year, and assumed the title of Napoleon III. Bonaparte's son, known as "l'Aiglon," who died in exile, being considered Napoleon II.

Paris in the Second Empire became very much as we know it to-day, and it may be said to have been transformed more completely during that comparatively short period than during the three centuries which preceded it. The many miles of straight and uninteresting streets known as the Outer Boulevards were constructed, while other straight and unlovely streets were formed to link

Photo: Underwood Press Service *London*

A PARIS QUAY

The Paris Quays, tree-shaded and picturesque, are delightful, and each seems to have a character of its own. On them are held some of the outdoor markets of books, pictures, and odds and ends.

the centre of the city with its outlying suburbs. Old quarters of Paris entirely disappeared, and most of the buildings which here and there survived were spoiled by ruthless and inartistic restorations.

Then came the fall of the Second Empire, which was ended by the defeat and capture of Napoleon at Sedan in September of 1870 during the Franco-Prussian War, and the coming into being of the Third Republic. Paris sustained a siege and was bombarded by the Germans, finally capitulating on January 8th, 1871. The Paris mob, which has always played a great part in the history of the city, composed of the most turbulent elements of the population, after being held in check by the Prussian invaders, upon the evacuation of the city by the latter in March, 1871, rose and proclaimed the Commune.

The latter was an endeavour to form a body in opposition to the regularly constituted Government, and an attempt was made by it to administer the affairs of the city. The Communists, however, were attacked by the regular troops, and overthrown after a month of terrific fighting, during which the leaders of the Communist party endeavoured to destroy whole districts by setting fire to public and private buildings. The destruction of property was enormous, and among the buildings which disappeared entirely were the Hôtel de Ville and the Palace of the Tuileries, whilst most other public buildings and many of the churches were seriously damaged. The establishment of the Third Republic in 1871, after the Commune had been suppressed, was followed by much necessary rebuilding, and great modifications of the city took place. Modern means of communication, tramways, extended bus services, and the construction of the underground railway, known as the "Metro," followed during the succeeding years down to the present time.

Among the more notable buildings which one remembers as dating from the latter part of the nineteenth century are the new Hôtel de Ville, the new Sorbonne,

the Trocadero, the expiatory Church of the Sacré Cœur, high on Montmartre, and the Eiffel Tower. And during the last five-and-twenty years the Grand and Petit Palais, the Quai d'Orsay railway station, and many of the great departmental stores and most beautiful modern shops and hotels have been built.

During the War of 1914–18, and particularly during the long-range bombardment of the city, and the air raids of 1918 some of the principal buildings and churches of Paris were badly damaged, traces of which remained for a considerable period, although most of these traces have by now disappeared.

Paris is always changing, and among the changes contemplated in the immediate future or already brought about are the destruction of the fortifications, and their replacement by a series of avenues and parks ; the making of a great Triumphal Avenue, continuing that of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, beyond the Porte Maillot, which will henceforward be known as the Place de la Victoire in commemoration of the Great War, a Cité Universitaire in the neighbourhood of the Park Montsouris, and a chain of stadiums and athletic grounds in various suburbs and quarters of the city.

Paris of to-day is less intriguing and fascinating than even twenty years ago from an antiquarian point of view. This is owing to the gradual transformation of some of its older and most historic quarters (especially in the districts of Montmartre and Montparnasse), where huge blocks of residential flats have replaced many of the former picturesque, if tumbledown and insanitary, dwellings and tortuous streets, which were formerly so outstanding a feature. But she is still one of the most beautiful and interesting capitals in Europe. It is distinguished by its wide, straight, main arteries of traffic, its tree-enshrouded boulevards, its picturesque *quais* by the busy Seine, its fine public buildings, many churches, delightful parks, and general air of brightness and pros-

perity. Fully to appreciate its charm one needs to know it at all seasons of the year, for each has its particular interest and beauty. A bright winter day in Paris is really luminous and beautiful, and a spring one a sheer delight, because of the message one has, on every hand and along its streets, of renewed life and vernal beauty.

CHAPTER II

SOME TYPES OF THE PARISIANS

The "Cocher"—The "Concierge"—The Women of the Newspaper Kiosks—The "Midinette"—The Paris "Bobby"—The "Trimadeur"—The "Bonne"—The "Nou-nou"—The Flower Sellers—The Street Merchants—The "Forts des Halles."

THE observant will soon discover that Paris is, indeed, a city of types, a city that is strangely cosmopolitan within comparatively small limits. "Les Types de Paris" have had numerous books devoted to describing them; some good, some bad, some indifferent.

One of the first types with which the visitor to Paris will become acquainted is the modern taxi-man, who is smart, a far more reckless driver than his counterpart in London, is equally cynical and witty on occasion, has a fine command of "strong" and picturesque epithets, and the same desire to take the longest route to a given point, and to extract as large a tip from his fare as the latter will part with. Being a comparatively modern institution he is far less interesting than the old "cocher," who in such bewildering numbers used to drive the old four-wheelers and those delightful little victorias, into which it was so easy to jump to save one's legs a long walk, and so comfortable to ride when seeing Paris, or taking a drive in the Bois de Boulogne.

The old *cocher*, however, is by no means extinct, though rapidly becoming so. One still sees him in his peculiar tall glazed hat, and with his horse, which is often of extreme age, jogging along the boulevards and the Avenue Champs Élysées, seldom picking up a fare nowadays, and often coming in for a storm of abuse from

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

PANORAMA OF THE BRIDGES AND ÎLE DE LA CITÉ

Here one has a charming view of the many bridges connecting the two banks of the Seine and the Île de la Cité, with the banks of the Seine. In the middle-distance are seen Notre Dame, the roofs of the Hôtel Dieu, and the Palais de Justice.

the more popular and rapidly moving taxi-men, and the *gendarmes*.

Speed as typified by the usual pace of a Paris taxi is such as generally makes a taxi-ride too rapid a method of seeing Paris. Therefore if you wish to penetrate its byways and have a curiosity to see the older parts of the city make glad the heart of some old *cocher*, and do your sight-seeing at a leisurely pace and comfortably, even though the *fiacre* is shabby and sadly in need of re-upholstering, and a fresh coat of paint and varnish. These old *cochers* have an unrivalled knowledge of Paris byways and the older parts of the city, and will prove good guides if taken for a few hours, and given a generous *pourboire* in the middle of the drive.

It is, perhaps, only when one has lived in Paris for some time in a flat or an apartment block that one comes to know another very familiar type of the Parisian intimately. One meets, of course, with the *concierge* very soon after one's arrival, if one visits any of the offices, or exclusive shops which have their suites of rooms in the old mansions where there is a porter's lodge, occupied by the modern *concierge*, but to know the latter one must live in Paris.

Since the war the *concierge* has become more frequently a woman than aforetime. Probably to-day 70 per cent of the class are women or partially disabled soldiers. The *concierge*, or doorkeeper and general factotum, plays a very important part in his little den at the entrance to every block of flats or offices in Paris. He or she in course of time gets to know everybody's business resident or using the block. What they do, who they are, where they go, and probably many other things about them that the occupiers of the flats or offices would willingly keep a secret. There is, undoubtedly, a sort of news exchange between *concierges* of the various blocks of flats in a given neighbourhood. And by the exchange of general news, and tit-bits of scandal, almost every

dweller in the blocks has a *dossier* in the minds and memories of the various *concierges*.

One's letters are delivered to the *concierge* at the lodge, they are picked up, carefully scanned; even sometimes we have caught the *concierge* sniffing at them to see if there is any incriminating scent! The postmark is examined; and, unless the *concierges* are sadly libelled, on occasion letters are skilfully steamed open, or their contents ascertained by some other means.

The *concierge*, if she is a woman, takes a keen interest in every phase of one's *ménage*. One cannot have a new suit without her knowing how long it is since the last was purchased. Nor can one's wife have either a new dress, or present one with a new baby without the *concierge* knowing everything concerning these events. And if one is a bachelor and brings round a lady friend to one's apartment, and mentions casually that it is a sister from Lyons or some other provincial city, the *concierge* nods her head, and says, "What another one!" with an air of frank disbelief that is amazingly disconcerting.

Along the boulevards there are many types to be seen. One of the first to be noticed on paying a visit to Paris will probably be the lady who serves one at the newspaper *kiosks*. These are a feature of the Paris streets, little, circular summer-house-looking places, found along all the principal boulevards, with their sides plastered with *affiches* (advertisements), where the window space is not occupied by books in gaily coloured covers, or copies of the comic and illustrated papers on sale within.

As a general rule the woman in the *kiosk*, be she young or old, will be found to be the most obliging and honest of the street traders of Paris. When she has seen her customer a few times she will trust him for his morning paper or weekly budget of literature in a most confiding way. She seems to have the gift of divining those who may be trusted; and long experience has probably

TYPES OF THE PARISIANS

On the left are two market porters, known as "Forts des Halles," in their strange white mushroom hats. The man on the right is a mender of glass and china who calls for work, and who often does his repairs on the pavement outside one's house.

taught her that the man who will perhaps get the better of a colleague in business, or may possibly cheat another tradesman, will generally be scrupulously honest in paying for his newspaper.

One will not be long in Paris before one comes across and sees hundreds of a peculiarly Parisian type, the *midinette*—she of the shops and workrooms—who has superseded the old-time *grisette*, who took her name from the grey stuff of which her neat frock was made. Whether she be called the one or the other, and if she has another name in the years to come the little *midinette* of to-day, and the *grisette* of the past, and she of the future are, and will be *au fond* the same. They have the same vivacity, charm, and irresponsibility which has throughout the years made the type one of the most lovable and remarkable of Parisian life.

The *midinettes*, who get their name from the fact that they seem to blossom upon the streets and boulevards about midday, when they are out for their frugal lunches, often taken on a seat beneath the trees in the parks, gardens, or boulevards of the city, go about in pairs or groups of half a dozen or more from noon till half-past one or two o'clock. Though earning not more than three or four hundred francs a month, according to the variations of the Exchange, they wear their often threadbare, but beautifully cut, frocks with an air of style and neatness unapproached by any girl of similar status in the world. Many of these little *midinettes* "pinch on their meals," as one once said, to have money for powder, lip sticks, perfume, and silk stockings, and however severe the "pinching" may be, and whatever tragedy—and tragedy as well as comedy plays a great part in the lives of the *midinettes*—lies beneath the surface, these brave little adventuresses on the sea of life bear their troubles and sorrows lightly, and by their careless gaiety add their quota of brightness and gaiety to the Paris streets.

The Paris policeman or *gendarme* seldom fails to

interest, and certainly often succeeds in amusing those accustomed to the "man in blue" of London, the "bobby" who takes his nickname from the politician, Sir Robert Peel, who is said to have originated the type. The Paris policeman will not greatly impress. He appears, indeed, to most British observers, as somewhat theatrical, and lacking in the weight of authority to which Britishers are accustomed. In a word, except for his staff and the automatic pistol with which he is armed, he seems more of the type of our "commissionaire" than that of a policeman.

As a controller of traffic, he certainly does not impress; and motorists, cabmen, and others treat him and his authority somewhat lightly. He is prone to argue the point with the offender, rather than to lay down the law with a firm hand, and interpret regulations with judgment; but it must be said in his excuse that the traffic problem of Paris is one of the most complicated.

In his favour it may be urged that he has a genius for solving problems of the smaller sort, and of carrying out his duties as a guardian of the peace with skill and address; for courtesy, the desire to give information, and help the bewildered pedestrian or tourist he is famous. In rendering politeness to the citizen he expects a like return, and because this is so one sees enquirers in Paris invariably saluting or raising their hats to the policeman of whom they seek assistance.

Along most of the boulevards where the well-dressed and ill-dressed promenade one will see a curious type, ragged of clothing, obviously an outcast of society, come shuffling along, generally with a light cane, having a crook at the end, in his hand, and with primitive "sacs" made of brown canvas slung over his shoulders.

This type of Paris is known as the *trimadeur;* and he is the searcher for and picker up of *mégots*, which are cigar and cigarette ends.

With his slender stick he searches almost every cranny

of the pavement, and when a café with a *terrasse* is reached he stops and hooks about underneath the little white-topped tables and the chairs for the discarded tobacco refuse of the smokers. Each *mégot* is examined and even brushed against his sleeve ere it is dropped into one or other of the canvas bags which hang suspended round his neck. Then, perhaps, assaulted by a volley of "boos" and "allez's" from the *garçons*, this *trimadeur*, refuse of humanity bearing the refuse of the weed, shuffles off to some other hunting-ground, or to take stock of his spoil beneath an arch of one of the bridges spanning the Seine, Here he sorts the various grades of tobacco roughly, and screws a few grammes up in scraps of newspaper to sell for a sou or two, according to the quantity, to the porters at the *halles*, to the bargees of the *quais* in the Bercy district, or outside the gates of factories.

Early in the morning along the boulevards, out of almost every street, come the Parisians who go marketing. They are thrifty souls, mostly domestics, who know where the materials for the *soupe* may be bought cheapest and are the frequenters of the vast *halles* from which the foodstuffs of Paris filter by arteries of streets to the Parisian's table and restaurants. These marketing Parisiennes are also the patrons of the smaller markets, and of the vegetable barrows which promenade the suburbs in the early hours of the day. In their huge nets or baskets, as the case may be, which they carry on their arms, they stow the vegetables, fish, spices, herbs, and fruits, crowned more often than not by a bunch of flowers to the purchase of the latter of which their artistic sense and love of brightness has prompted them.

They know all the stall-keepers so well. It is a veritable procession for them down the gangways of the *halles*, and the pavements of the outdoor markets, with "Bon jour, Madame," "Bon jour, Monsieur," to the right and left as they go.

The *facteurs* are also a truly Parisian type. They are often old soldiers, who, with zinc badges as large as the top of a small teacup, pass along the streets bent on one of these messages or commissions for the carrying out of which they seem to exist. At midday they turn the chairs and benches in the Tuileries Gardens into their *cercle* or club. Here they gossip as only a male Parisian of the lower classes can, read the papers, or doze with that obliviousness to the outside affairs of the world which is characteristic of them.

In these same gardens of the Tuileries each day with wonderful regularity comes the man with apron of green baize and a smoking cap, who is the pigeons' friend, who is known of them so intimately that they feed from his hands, and even from his lips when perched upon his shoulder.

The Luxembourg Gardens also have their pigeons' friend, and numbers of old gentlemen in addition, who feed the perky Parisian cock sparrows, who are as bellicose as a Lascar in his cups.

Who does not know the Parisian *nou-nou?* Good, placid-looking souls for the most part, who promenade the boulevards, sit beneath the trees of the Champs Élysées, with ever-watchful eyes for their charges, or on the seats in the Tuileries and Luxembourg Gardens. They are of so many types that they might occupy a gallery to themselves. Mars has depicted them to the life, and their *amis* the *piou-pious* who sit in uniform on the benches beside them; and other artists, Wilette, Stinlen, and Mucha have also sketched and painted them. These good nurses and nurse-girls are drawn from all parts of provincial France to act as guardians of the young Parisians. One sees among them the pippin skins of Brittany and Normandy; the rich warmth of complexion, and flashing eyes which can never look shy, of those who come from the South, that land where the mistral blows; and sometimes the paler olive-tinted skins

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

THE BOOK BOXES OF THE QUAIS

Along the parapet of the Seine are to be found scores of second-hand bookstalls, with their attendants, where the book-hunter in Paris spends much of his time in search of the rare "finds" which are occasionally made. In the background is the beautiful silhouette of Notre Dame.

of those who come from *Départements* which cling close to the frontier of Italy.

There are the types of the little merchants of the streets. The sellers of tiny buttonholes and large bouquets who visit all the principal cafés on the Grands Boulevards at *l'heure d'apéritif* (about 6 o'clock) when, before dinner, everyone who is not hurrying home frequents his or her favourite café to drink something, a cocktail or a *sirop ;* and later in the evening when the cafés are again thronged by people from the theatres and other amusements, who gather amid the light and sparkle for a final café or *bock* ere retiring to rest. These flower-sellers are of all ages, from the girl of fourteen to the old flower-woman, with weather-beaten face, of sixty or more years, and many of them do good trade in bouquets and button-holes because they are well versed in the ways of the world, and generally try to sell to the lady if a gentleman is present !

Then one has that French type who is a perambulating shop or general store, seen coming along the boulevard with a bundle of sponges attached to his back, a positive breastplate formed of boot-laces, and in the old days corset laces, cards of pins, and hanks of "mending," while over one arm he will have slung pairs of braces, and over the other a string of small brushes of all sorts. With a voice somewhat damaged by use, but still sometimes musical, he goes along the street crying his wares, and housewives and others in need of what he sells come out and bargain with him on the sidewalk.

Then there is the seller of roast chestnuts, often dressed like a cook, in a white suit with a cook's white cap upon his head, and in the spring, summer, and autumn he is often the seller of *gaufres* at the entrance to the Bois, the Tuileries Gardens, or some other public place.

The young Parisian is devoted to air balloons, those delightful, evanescent, coloured things, with huge

bunches of which the balloon sellers promenade the streets and public gardens, bending low to tiny tots, who with big eyes gaze upon the swaying mass of colour, and always seem to hesitate to make their choice.

Then there is the perambulating artist, quite a Paris type, who with his hair long, and bow tie, and sometimes, though less often than formerly, wearing peg-top trousers, enters the cafés and restaurants with a drawing-block, or a drawing board on which are pinned many sheets of paper, and for a franc or two makes a "lightning" and often creditably accurate portrait. These itinerant artists are seldom prevented from plying their trade, because the Parisian is always interested in art of any kind, and the "lightning" sketch artist of the café is generally surrounded by a knot of onlookers as he with rapid strokes and sweeps of his charcoal makes his portrait of some complacent sitter.

On the Boulevard du Temple, and those in the more eastern portions of Paris, one often meets with the strange figures known as *forts des halles*, or the strong men of the markets, who, in long blouses of blue linen and less generally than formerly, wearing huge felt mushroom-shaped hats, stroll slowly along. These men are not admitted to the Guild of the Market Porters until they are able to lift and carry a certain weight.

There are many other types peculiar to Paris, which one might describe, including the men who wash dogs at the waterside beneath the bridges, chiefly between the Place de la Concorde and the Pont Neuf, and who afterwards clip, curl, and beribbon the costly favourites of Society people.

Another river-side type is the woman who remakes mattresses and bedding, and who in summer-time seemingly has her workshop, perhaps, because of the space afforded, on the cobblestone quays beneath the arches of bridges by the waterside. Here one sees them pulling about the huge mattresses with a strength for which no

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

PANORAMA FROM THE TOWER OF NOTRE DAME

Here one has an unusual view of the roof of Notre Dame, with its "fleche" or spire, 148 feet in height, rising above the crossing, and a panorama of the city and the Seine looking eastward.

one would give them credit, or seated on portable chairs industriously stitching hour by hour.

If one is early afoot in the Latin Quarter one will probably see going along it a broken-down individual who rushes in and out blocks of studios or courtyards of the older houses, and one wonders what his mission is. In his hand he sometimes carries a wooden mallet or a small block of wood, and if one pauses as he enters a courtyard and waits a moment one will hear a loud knocking. He is the man who, for a living, rises before it is light, and goes to wake heavy sleepers who have appointments or business engagements early, or work to be done which would suffer if they overslept.

He may receive but two or three sous from each customer, but there must be a living of some sort to be got out of his employment, or, probably, he would not pursue it.

Years ago in the outskirts of Paris might be met women driving small herds of goats through the suburban streets, pausing here and there to milk them, and selling their milk to customers outside whose door the operation was performed. Only occasionally does one see these women and their goats nowadays; but when seen they are a picturesque and interesting type of the street merchants of the capital.

Many other types may be noted by the curious, and all are worth studying by the students of character and of national peculiarities; and certainly few modern European cities have more interesting types to show than has Paris.

CHAPTER III

PARIS AT WORK AND PLAY

The Grands Magasins—The Shops—The Markets—The Great Hotels—Sports and Pastimes—The Grand Prix—The Love of Open-air Meals

IT may seem almost libellous to say so, but "The Louvre" conjures up in the minds of most Parisiennes not a vision of the vast treasure-house which stands midway along the arcaded Rue de Rivoli overlooking the Tuileries Gardens, but the vast shop or departmental store which bears the name of the Grands Magasins du Louvre, in the Place du Palais Royal.

It may, perhaps, justly be esteemed the aristocrat of the big stores which have during the last twenty years or so become more and more popular, and are the outcome of the social and economic necessities of the age in which we live. An age which seems to have for its motto not only equality but also luxury for all.

Immediately succeeding the Revolution there sprang up in Paris shops—the names of which have in most cases passed into oblivion—Le Diable Boiteux, Le Masque de Fer, La Fille Mal Gardée, and others with equally strange names. Then these were in turn superseded by others larger and more popular in type, among them La Chaussée d'Antin, Le Coin de la Rue, and the romantically named La Belle Fermière. So great a part did these vast business organisations come to play in the life of Paris—or at least that of feminine Paris—that Zola took for the theme of one of his great series of novels a store to which he gave the name of *The Ladies'*

Paradise ("Au Bonheur des Dames"). With a realism and detail that was extraordinary the author painted the complicated and varied life of what he would have us believe was a typical great shop.

The great "departmental stores," as they are nowadays called, have come to play a very great part in the life of the Parisians of to-day. The places of the originators of the idea, so far as the French capital is concerned, Chauchard of the Magasins du Louvre, Boucicaut of the Bon Marché, and Jaluzot of the Le Printemps, who came to Paris poor men in *sabots*, have been taken by other "captains of industry" not less enterprising if not so original.

The great Bon Marché on the left bank of the river, in the Quartier Latin, has a romantic story, and beginnings so small that its growth seems like a fairy-tale of commerce. Many years ago a humble clerk left a little shop to go into partnership with the proprietor of another small business called the "Bon Marché," in the Rue du Bac. The clerk was named Aristide Boucicaut, and he possessed one of those creative and initiative minds that are destined to revolutionise the world. Briefly, his main principles of business may be summed up in suppressing bargaining, and a consequent waste of time and energy, by a fixed price; selling retail for a very small profit above the wholesale price of the articles; and making up the difference by an enormous turnover. Finally, to ensure the hearty co-operation of his employés by giving them an interest in the business, by commissions and other bonuses. In seventeen years his little shop had swallowed up all the space between the Rues de Sèvres, Valpeau, du Bac and de Babylone, and even this vast area has proved insufficient for a business with a yearly turnover of upwards of about 100,000,000 francs, and the immense shop has spread across the Rue de Babylone.

The story of the Bon Marché is paralleled by those of

several other of the world-famous stores known to every visitor to Paris. Of the others one may mention La Samaritaine, the À La Place Clichy, Aux Classes Laborieuses, and Pygmalion.

The foundation of these vast businesses had a remarkable effect in stimulating the great spinning and weaving mills of France. Indeed they put new life into the great industries in many cities of Central and Southern France. For example, the silk mills of Lyons; the lace manufactories of Puy; the forest districts of Roubaix and Rheims; the draperies of Sedan and Elbeuf areas; the glove manufactories of Grenoble and Chaumont; and the linen weaving mills of the Vosges, Cambrai, and other districts. They were, too, responsible for founding new industries.

No student of the effect that these huge shops have had on Parisian life and the national life of France can fail to see the influence they have also had on the relationships of capital and labour. For example, the Bon Marché practice is to divide profits mathematically between the various employés according to their activity and their responsibility in the vast business. Thus everyone receives not only a salary, but a share of the profits. The house of business that Aristide Boucicaut initiated and built up has its own restaurants for employés—numerous though they are—and its own comfortable living, recreation rooms, and dormitories where they sleep.

One great fact must not be lost sight of. The great shops do not "dress" Paris, as the term is understood—they may in the provinces—but one seldom finds highly original or exclusive styles in them until after the fashion has become the vogue, and therefore more or less commonplace, "models" are not to be found in them, for the inventors of new fashions jealously guard them in the exclusive shops of the Rue de la Paix, and the avenues radiating from the Arc de l'Étoile.

Even in the vast shops of the type of the Magasins du Louvre and the Bon Marché there is, however, at least for Parisiennes, and for women who have resided in Paris for some time and have learned something of its habits and ways, a sense of intimacy that is almost unique. The impression gained is that the shops are made for their women customers, and not the latter for the shops. The assistants are invariably polite, and have a *flair* or genius for dealing with customers and their foibles unexcelled, and perhaps unequalled, by any others of their class. One may take almost any article back for exchange, provided it is not injured in any way, and if unable to find what one wants the money originally paid is returned.

The "Sales" are a great feature of Parisian feminine life. They are in a way similar in character to those of London and other capital cities. But there is something peculiarly French and artistic in their "staging." The great lace sale of the Bon Marché, for example, which feminine friends have described to us, is not merely an opportunity of acquiring lace at bargain prices. It is a flower festival of great beauty. The whole vast building seems to have anticipated spring, and is ablaze with lilac, violets, anemones, crocuses, and other early flowers, exquisitely arranged. They are artificial, of course; but one knows how lifelike the French artificial flowers can be. As one lady said, "One shops truly amid flower-beds, and they create in one the joy of spring, the atmosphere of brighter days to come."

A little later in the year, to be exact, on the 20th of March, another great shop gives away to its customers 25,000 small bunches of violets, and the Magasins du Louvre make it a day of joy for the children by distributing hundreds of balloons of many colours, which float on strings through the streets of Paris; while La Samaritaine, in the Rue du Pont Neuf, used to try and overcome the prejudice of its poorer class customers against

making purchases on Fridays by, on that day, giving away some useful article to every purchaser.

The universal standard of taste and love of beautiful things, which is a characteristic of Parisians, is fostered by the ability of all to roam amid these in the huge shops, and by the wonderful and artistic displays made by the latter of exquisite fabrics and objects of artistic value in their multitudes of windows. Few can live daily with such opportunities of seeing beauty without being insensibly influenced and even refined by it.

Very different in character to the great departmental stores we have mentioned are the famous shops of the Rue de la Paix, or the Grands Boulevards west of the Place de l'Opéra, and some of the streets leading out of them. In these may be found all the exclusive fashions, beautiful dresses, exquisite etceteras of the toilet, jewels, fine furniture, pictures, and *objets d'art* for which Paris is famous. Their *clientèle* is not numbered in tens of thousands, as that of the Magasins du Louvre, the Bon Marché, and similar establishments, but in hundreds, and perhaps in mere scores. Nor are prices only a fraction above wholesale cost. There are no wholesale goods in shops such as these; but exclusive models, unique specimens of furniture, *chef-d'œuvres*, and uncopyable designs in the setting of gems. Their clients are among the wealthy and aristocratic classes of the community, although nowadays it is rather the profiteers than the aristocratic families of the Boulevard St. Germain, the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and the streets and avenues of the Champs Élysées quarters, who are their chief patrons.

Women visitors to Paris, who desire to see the Parisienne at her best—exquisite creatures some of them as regards dress, and the *cachet* that breeding and wealth can give—cannot do better than seek the *entrée* of some of the wonderful shops in the streets and quarters of Paris to which we have referred. They will then under-

stand something from their adventuring of the fascinations and allurements of such shops; of the vast sums spent on dress, at all events by the French themselves and Americans, and how clothes should be worn. An art, however, which is by no means confined to women who will give 10,000 francs for a ball dress or dinner-gown, but in a measure is possessed by the *petite ouvrière*, and the *midinette* who sits up half the night in her *mansarde* (attic) making a new frock, or industriously mending or "transforming" an old one so that she may go to the ball she frequents with Pierre or Georges.

Something of the gaiety and brightness in the Parisienne's life, whatever status she held in the social world of pre-War days, has gradually crept back. And if her pleasures are a little less spontaneous than of yore, the latter fact is not very obvious to the casual visitor to Paris.

Quite apart from the shops of the exclusive quarters, and those of the main boulevards in a descending scale of importance and costliness, one has in Paris the delightful little shops of the by-streets of Montparnasse and of Montmartre, which more especially cater for the needs of women, where the prices are astonishingly low compared with those of the larger shops, for articles often superlatively dainty and pretty, if it cannot be claimed in these days that the materials used are of super-excellence of quality. Many Englishwomen have discovered this fact for themselves, and as a consequence secure many bargains with which to amaze their friends; and on visits to Paris habitually shop in these streets comparatively unfrequented so far as the ordinary tourist is concerned.

But there remain yet the open-air markets of Paris which have, on the whole, been little affected by modern innovations, either as regards their picturesqueness or their importance in the lives of the humble citizens.

Eastward of the Palais Royal, and reached along the

Rue de Rivoli and up the Rue St. Denis lie the Halles Centrales, or great central markets of Paris, on which site food for the Parisians has been sold for centuries. They are well worth an early morning visit, but one must be early, not much later than 4 o'clock on a summer morning. Then are to be seen innumerable types, and some exceedingly strange ones, which frequent the *halles*—the countryfolk from the outlying suburbs, where there are vast market gardens; others from further afield, who have driven their long-shaped market carts or motors into Paris through the night laden with carrots, potatoes, cabbages, celery, beans, peas, or the ever-popular *choux-fleurs*, according to the season of the year; old men and women with strange, dull-looking faces, who have come every morning, spring, summer, autumn, and winter for no one knows exactly how many decades, who still stand behind or at the sides of their stalls in the oblong, ill-lighted, and utilitarian-looking buildings; and the *petits marchands des rues*, who so swiftly load up their barrows with vegetables and fruit, and then set off with a not unmusical call of their wares for their promenade of the streets.

At the *halles*, too, one sees the *marchandes*, usually buxom-looking women, capless or with white headgear, never averse to a chat with a customer, knowing almost every *habitué* of the markets they patronize, ready with a quip or a witticism in the mysterious *argot* or slang of the markets and the quarter; those strange *gamins* of both sexes, children who play about the refuse of the markets, live upon it, and sometimes gain a sou or two for lifting a bale of cabbages, a basket of potatoes, or a box of eggs.

Then later will come, when the unloading of the waggons, bales, boxes, and crates is finished, the *chiffonniers* who hunt with sharply pointed sticks or long-handled forks amid the trodden refuse for tit-bits in the shape of overlooked carrots, fruit only partially unsound,

Photo: Underwood Press Service *London*

RUE ROYALE AND MADELEINE

The Rue Royale is one of the most ancient streets of Paris, although of course rebuilt. At the top of it stands the Madeleine, the St. Paul's Cathedral of Paris, from the portico of which is a fine view down the street and across the Place de la Concorde to the Chambre des Députés.

choux-fleurs, not entirely bruised to a pulp, and all those oddments which find their way into the *pot-au-feu* of the very poor.

Later still will come the neat, white-capped *bonne*, and even the *petite bourgeoise* herself, huge basket on arm, with a cheerful nod for the stall-keepers she knows, and with a liking for a chat with a *gardien de la paix* or *sergent de ville*. And then, her purchases made, threads her way homewards through the throng of idlers, and *forts des halles* (strong men who lift the heavy bales, sacks, and boxes) who hang around the market-house doors.

But interesting as are these Halles Centrales, full of life and types of the lower classes though they be, it is yet in the out-of-the-way markets that one who knows Paris chiefly seeks for the picturesque and the unusual.

Dotted about the various quarters are tiny aggregations of stalls and barrows in by-streets and tiny squares, or on the *quais* by the waterside, where all sorts of articles, besides flowers, fruits, and vegetables, are exposed for sale.

Not far from the Pont Notre Dame, on the Quai de la Cité, on Wednesdays there is a delightful Flower Market, and there is another held under the trees on several days of each week at the side of the Madeleine, at the western end of the boulevard of the same name. Here one can purchase almost every imaginable flower in due season, and in addition, the pots of flowers of which the Parisian is so fond, and climbing roses and other flowering shrubs. And from these little stalls emerge huge bouquets, magnificent baskets, superb "tributes" of exquisite flowers, destined for those who celebrate birthdays, the fiancées of the wealthy, favourites of the stage and café chantants, women of fashion, and those who would be considered such. In Paris, perhaps more than in any other capital, is the delightful practice followed of giving

orders to florists to supply flowers regularly to friends. Happy friends!

At these little flower markets in the early spring, while the air is still keen enough to belie the wealth of blossom, one sees tiny *parterres* of violets, dark-hued Czarinas, Wedgwood blue Parmas, sprays of white lilac, arum lilies, and Riviera grown roses scenting the chill air with their beautiful fragrance. Later, when summer hangs a dome of deep blue sky above the city, there are roses, sweet peas, vivid hued peonies, carnations, and lupins to brighten and beautify the little *places* and street corners. Children wander up and down between the stalls open-eyed to see the wonderful flowers that are there blossoming in the very heart of Paris.

The Bird Market of the little square not far from the Place du Parvis Notre Dame is worth a Sunday morning visit. Here one can buy anything from a tiny rice sparrow or a pair of love birds to a pelican or ostrich. Parrots of all colours and degrees of linguistic ability are for sale. One sees all classes among the interested spectators or purchasers. The Parisian, indeed, appears generally to be a lover of birds, and the Parisienne also. The little *midinette*, the descendant of Mimi Pinson of Murger's time, is to be seen wandering up and down between the bird stalls, peering at love birds and canaries, larks or blackbirds, starlings or thrushes. After a time her choice will have been made, and her carefully hoarded handful of sous will have literally changed hands for a pair of love birds, or a canary or a lark, and with a smile of possession on her face she will hurry away, bearing her treasure to her little *mansarde* near the sky, outside of the window of which on fine days the little green cage with its singing bird captive will hang.

Not far across the Seine, along the parapet of the river, on the *quais* which reach from opposite the Institut de France to the Place St. Michel—and farther at times—is the perpetual market of books. Here in numberless

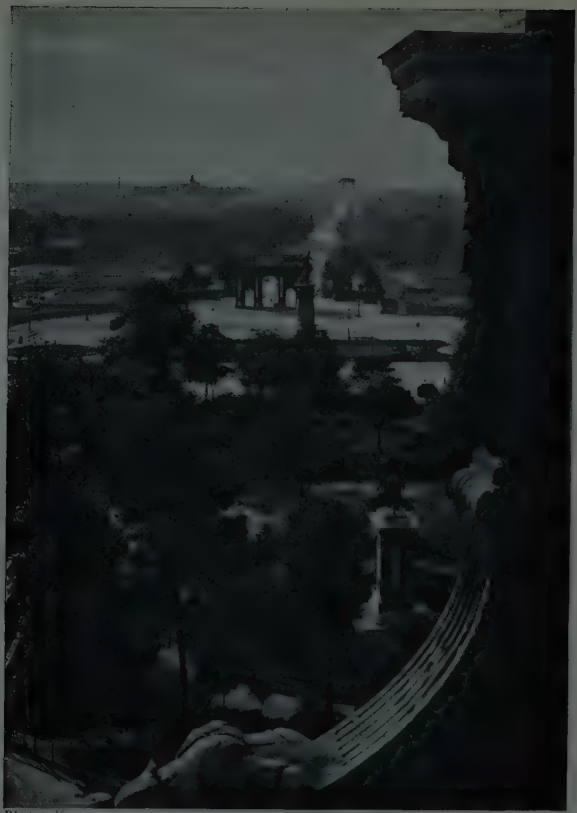


Photo: Yvon *Paris*

JARDINS DES TUILERIES AND ARC DE TRIOMPHE

An unusual view of the beautiful Gardens of the Tuileries, and the Avenue des Champs Élysées leading up to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile on the skyline.

green, weather-worn boxes, clamped with heavy iron bars, are the derelicts of literature—a cosmopolitan gathering together of works by many authors, French and foreign. Not a few are coverless, some are bound in cloth, some in leather; but the vast majority are in the paper covers the French publishers affect. Anyone may delve in the depths of these wells of literature (alas! one cannot invariably add undefiled) in the hope of some treasure-trove which occasionally makes glad the heart of the true bibliophile.

Looking into these overfull book-boxes, turning over their varied contents one may, in one short hour, see a perfect kaleidoscope of Parisian types. M. le Curé rubs shoulders with M. le Député; the indigent student of art, literature, medicine or law stands alongside the opulent collector who did well out of the war; the little workgirl thumbing a tattered copy of *Le Clef de Songes* (Dream-book) alongside of the more sophisticated sister in search of a second-hand copy of a new novel of realistic tendency. All are there, hundreds of different characters, for the keen and observant eye to study.

The proprietors of these outdoor bookshops are also of various types. They may be benevolent-looking—they are singularly forebearing in the time they allow the casual reader in which to inspect their wares without protest—sharp-featured, sleepy, alert, or apparently indifferent men and women. They seldom bother one to purchase, seldom object to the needy ones of the earth turning their book-boxes into "free libraries." True types of the Parisian, they sit or stand at their posts, taking life as it comes.

On the bridges, or hard by them, are those little market-stalls—sometimes the bare pavement serves the purpose—of odds and ends gathered by *chiffonniers* from off the city rubbish heaps, or sold to the "merchants" by thrifty housewives who have no further use for the articles. These are unconsidered trifles ranging from

battered brass candlesticks to decrepit violins; rusty mouth organs to locks and keys; silver-plated tea-pots, much the worse for use, to padlocks which no amount of oiling would probably make serviceable.

Not far from the chief Halle aux Vins, with its tree-shaded storage dêpots by the riverside, and its tens of thousands of barrels of wine, containing lakes of the heart's blood of many a Southern vineyard, on the Boulevard St. Marcel, which runs up towards Montparnasse from the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, reached by the Pont d'Austerlitz, stands the Paris Horse Market, where on Wednesdays and Saturdays horses of all sorts are sold. Along the wide trotting ground, tree-shadowed on one side with sheds on the other, an endless defile of animals takes place "from morn till dewy eve," cart horses, van horses, great upstanding Flanders' mares, and Normandy stallions equally huge and powerful. Horses destined for the buggies of provincial doctors who have not yet adopted the motor, others for the equipages of reigning beauties who still have a liking for a smart carriage on occasion. Occasionally among the throng of interested spectators and prospective buyers one may spot an English groom; but buyers and sellers are not as numerous as of yore, and the horse market threatens in its decline to become a thing of the past at some not far distant date.

Hard by, on Sundays, from about 1 o'clock until dusk, at a corner of the Boulevard de l'Hôpital is held the dog market. Here dogs of almost every known breed are to be seen, with a sprinkling of mongrels of indescribable mixture. Sometimes a good dog may be picked up, and for these the competition is generally keen. But as a rule it is rather the derelicts which find their way to this noisy Sunday morning market, which is a clearing-house for stray dogs. All types of "dealers," and let us add of stealers, are to be seen inspecting the animals for sale, and not a few of them are good judges, and willing, for a

consideration, to place their knowledge and experience at the disposal of amateurs in search of a pet.

One of the most curious and interesting of the Paris markets is the Marché du Temple, which stands between the Rue du Temple and Rue Perrée, at the end of the Rue des Archives. It is open daily from about 7 a.m. till 6 p.m. The best time to visit it is in the afternoon, and on Sunday mornings. Here may be seen all types of the "old clo'" men such as used to be seen in Petticoat Lane, London, and a wonderful assortment of second-hand garments from the once beautiful fur coat, costing perhaps 2000 francs in the old days of the francs, to rabbit-skin substitutes much the worse for wear; and the ball dress of a Society beauty to the work-a-day dress of a Paris market-woman. There are also "English fashions," so-called, including bowler hats and blazers, and severe coats and skirts of ten years and more ago.

Paris is essentially a traveller's city. To it during the year come hundreds of thousands of visitors from all quarters of the globe. Indeed, it is one of the most cosmopolitan of capitals, and naturally has catered for its visitors, and taken care to provide for them amusements and interests quite apart from those it possesses in its beauty spots, historic buildings, churches, museums, and public buildings.

Hotel life is a feature of Paris life somewhat specialised, for Paris has for many years been the clearing-house, as it were, for European travellers, and the pausing place for millions on their way across Europe to the Near and Far East, as well as for those homeward bound, English and Americans especially, and those who take the overland routes from the East.

There are hotels of all grades, from the luxurious and palace-like establishments frequented by millionaires and the wealthy, to the humbler establishment, which those who have cheap travel tickets patronise; and let it be added that many of the least expensive offer

comfort and cooking superior to that of British hotels of a like standing.

Hotels in Paris of even the less expensive kind are usually clean and comfortable; but the visitor cannot always rely upon the status of the fellow-guests. It is well, therefore, to select as good an hotel as one can afford; and, if one wishes really to know something of Paris and the Parisians, one should take one's meals at restaurants rather than in hotels. This is a custom almost universally practised, although the restaurants of the great hotels are thronged daily and nightly, largely by outside patronage of those in search of the comfort and luxury afforded, and the notable *cuisine*, or for other reasons.

Among the palatial hotels that make Paris, for the wealthy tourist, so pleasant a place in which to stay, some of which establishments have seen much social and political history made during the last two decades, one may mention the Hôtel Crillon, overlooking the Place de la Concorde; the Ritz, in the Place Vendôme, much affected by wealthy Americans and the English aristocracy; and the Hôtel Lotti, and Hôtel Meurice, all in the centre of Paris. In the Champs Élysées Quarter one has the Hôtel Plaza Athenée, in the Avenue Montaigne; the Majestic, in the Avenue Kleber; and in the Avenue des Champs Élysées both the Carlton and Claridge. In these one meets with crowds of wealthy foreigners, chiefly British and Americans.

A good class Paris hotel, with a pronounced French *clientèle*, is usually a place where comfort and good cooking is found, and certainly the visitor to Paris will learn more while staying there, of Paris and its people, than at one of the great international *caravansérais* to which we have referred.

Paris is a city of amusements and there are some forms almost indigenous to it. Among them the outdoor Fêtes Foraines are still a popular feature of Paris open-air

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

PARC MONCEAU

One of the prettiest of the smaller parks of Paris, rather overlooked by the average tourist, the Parc Monceau contains many delightful nooks, some fine statuary and monuments, and has always been one of the aristocratic resorts of the city.

amusements. They are held in various parts of the city throughout the spring and summer months, and early autumn. The chief survivals are the Foire aux Pain-d'Épices (Gingerbread Fair), the Fête de Neuilly, and Fête des Invalides.

The first named is held in the streets surrounding the Lion de Belfort, and many smaller *foires* are held along the Boulevards Vaugirard, Grenelle, and Rochechonart. The Fête de Neuilly, held on the Avenue of that name from mid-June till mid-July, is typical of most of these fairs. The district is for the time transformed into a multi-coloured Bedlam. Shows of all kinds line both sides of the long avenue for a distance of nearly a mile; and their ornamental fronts of battening and painted canvas are adorned with alluring pictures of wonders to be seen within, and, alas! such is the showman's guile, are not to be seen anywhere on earth. Many of the "shows" are such as are familiar and common to most fairs, but there are others wholly foreign in character, and licence as regards such matters is greater than with us.

The "two-headed Nightingale," a clever illusion; the fat lady; giants; dwarfs; tattooed lady; tableaux vivants; strong men; dancers; fortune-tellers; conjurers; confidence tricksters; animal monstrosities; sword swallowers; fire eaters, and many others are found plying their trade, and many become quite rich with a stock-in-trade of a small tent-like erection screening mysteries and wonders which are merely traps to catch the twenty-five or fifty centimes entrance fees or less. That there is nothing worth a couple of sous to be seen behind the curtains screening the doors of such places from the eyes of the curious everyone must gather from the sheepish expression on the faces of those coming out, but still others file in to see what has fooled the rest!

But sometimes, when the "fake" is carried too far, or the showman or showlady is not witty enough to carry

off the swindle, troubles arise, for a French crowd likes something for its money, and for this reason many of the bigger shows let them see on the platform outside, the company which is to perform within. Dancing girls pirouette before the crowd, clowns *blague*, strong men do some portion of their *repertoire* of tricks, and one can, indeed, see quite a lot that is amusing without parting with one's money.

One of the most popular shows at these Paris *foires* are the "female wrestlers." These, often startlingly muscular ladies, not only engage with their fellow-wrestlers, sometimes somewhat grandiloquently termed "desperate adversaries," but will take on opponents from the crowd in the shape of burly countrymen, and even the *forts des halles* (strong men of the markets). Sometimes doubtless the wrestling with the male "adversary" is a put-up job. But those who understand the art of wrestling will often be astonished by the skill and pluck of the girls who give these shows.

The Fête de Neuilly—and, indeed, most of these Paris *foires*—is during the afternoon and evening thronged with dense crowds of sightseers of all classes. Along the avenue there are many *carrousels* (roundabouts) flashing with gilt and mirrors, swinging round at a giddy pace, crowded with laughing and screaming men, women, and children, while the Montagnes Russes (switchbacks) are equally popular. On the latter, indeed, one sees all classes. There is the paterfamilias and his little son or daughter; the staid-looking, prosperous *bourgeois* and his lady, the *piou-piou* (young soldier) with his little friend, often a *blanchisseuse* (laundress), her hair flying beneath her soldier's cap jammed down over her ears, or looking very boyish and roguish with it almost covering her neatly done hair, holding on to her escort tightly, and screaming with laughter.

At the merry-go-round next door one will find a perfect menagerie of steeds. On a monster pig is a full-

Photo: Underwood Press Service *London*

INTERIOR CHAMBRE DES DÉPUTÉS

The benches are arranged in the form of an arena, and a fine piece of tapestry, depicting the Philosophers at the School of Athens, after a fresco by Raphael, is seen on the wall at the back of the Tribune.

blooded negro wearing a straw hat with a pale blue band. Next to him, on a sad-looking camel, whose paint is shabby, is a *midinette*, who meets the negro's all-embracing smile with the wickedest of winks. Further round are two young people, quite of the better class, the girl on a baby elephant, the young fellow—leaning towards her at great risk of tumbling off—on a polo pony with violent white spots on its black coat.

One thing which is sure to strike the foreign visitor—especially at night—is the cosmopolitan character of the crowd which surges along the congested avenue. It comprises people of all classes, from the beautifully attired woman in evening dress and jewels, and her smartly turned out male escort, to the little workgirl and her "boy." From the sedate elderly man and woman, who have just closed their business for the day, to the working-man with his wife and baby. Everyone seems to attend and enjoy these open-air fairs of Paris. And it is often only when the sky has a hint of coming dawn in it that the fun entirely ceases, the steam organs stop their strident music, and the weary show-people snatch a few hours rest.

One wonders at the long-suffering of the inhabitants of the houses in the immediate vicinity; for noise—that of steam organs, megaphones, and brass-lunged showmen outside the various booths—is a leading feature of these *fêtes foraines*.

There is not a fête day during the summer without its fair in one or other of the little towns and villages on the outskirts of Paris, where one can enjoy the pleasure of doing nothing at all in a hundred fascinating ways, as, for example, trying to knock the ex-Kaiser and his late General Staff over by throwing ridiculously light wooden balls at their grinning effigies; trying to win cakes or pocket-knives by throwing darts at a revolving wheel on which there are numbers; taking tickets for all sorts of tombolas; having one's fortune told by young ladies

possessing ingratiating smiles; or shooting with decidedly "tricky" rifles for pigeons, rabbits, or small chickens which are seldom won.

Sport in French schools is of comparatively modern development. Not so many years ago it was, indeed, almost non-existent in Parisian *lycées*. One occasionally saw a few of the smaller boys playing football—with their hands! That is to say, knocking about a large leather-covered ball—often gaily hued—but games played with any sort of zest were comparatively few and far between. Nowadays football—both Rugby and Association codes—has taken a firm hold on French youths. Polo has always been popular in circles with the money and time to devote to it, and there is a fine polo ground near the Porte de Suresnes in the Bois de Boulogne.

But it would be perfectly true to say that the average Parisian, and, indeed, Frenchmen as a whole, are more actively interested in pastimes than in sports. To the war, perhaps, may be attributed the spread of football, and some other games favoured by the British soldiers behind the lines, and learned by many French soldiers by association with the British.

Cricket has never taken any real hold upon the imagination of Parisians. As a Frenchman once said to us, "It is too slow! One man throws a ball at another man a little distance off. Sometimes the latter hits it, then he runs; if he does not hit it he is 'out'—then he walks. Other men during the game move about, and pick up the ball and throw it. That is cricket. *Mon Dieu!* it is slow."

On the other hand, lawn tennis is very popular in France. Indeed, Frenchwomen have little to fear from women of any other nation in regard to their play. France, too, has produced a number of first-rate, and even championship, male exponents of the game.

One thing will be soon noticed by anyone studying

French sports and pastimes: those really interested in them are quite as keen, and sometimes keener, than we are.

The average Frenchman, however, regards sport as a very serious matter; but pastimes as merely invented for his amusement. The vast majority, therefore, being in search of amusement, carry their sports only so far as that, and then drop them if they seem to be encroaching overmuch on time or energies. The Parisian's outlook on life does not include sports as serious occupations, except for those making a living out of them. He is rather social in his pastimes than keenly competitive. For the average Parisian of the middle classes the ideal form of recreation is a day in the country with only such amusements or pastimes as do not interfere with his rest and quiet enjoyment.

With the Seine fit for rowing, and enjoyable miles nearer the centre of Paris than is the Thames to that of London, one is not surprised that boating is a favourite pastime with Parisians. Then there is the Marne, still more suitable, not many kilometres away by bus, motor, or train, and with more rural surroundings. Nogent, Bougival, and Herblay on the latter river are popular boating resorts. St. Cloud, Suresnes, and Asnières are the like down the Seine.

Angling and boating are by some Parisians highly cultivated pastimes or sports, but with most they are mere incidents of a day's holiday. The usual form of Parisian rowing is a couple or three men, or a man and a girl in a boat. In the last-named instance, rather that they may picnic, or "eat" at a riverside restaurant in boating attire than with any serious intention of taking exercise by rowing, or of getting anywhere in particular by water.

But there are well-organised and important rowing clubs in Paris; and, indeed, all over France where rivers abound. The annual contest between eights from the

Marne and those of the Seine are popular sporting functions, and provide the first important event of the rowing year. Between the Rowing Club de Paris and the Société Nautique de la Marne there is a great rivalry. The championship of France is rowed on the Seine in the latter end of the summer, and is open to representatives of all nations. Originally very inferior to English rowers in general watermanship the Parisians have made great progress of late years in the latter, and on their own rivers have held their own creditably against all comers.

Football is far more popular to-day than anyone who knows the efforts made about a quarter of a century ago to acclimatise it would have deemed possible.

In those days Parisians at least had a horror of roughness in sport, which they called by the picturesque name of *brutalité*. So important a writer upon educational matters as M. Ribot once said in a book of his that he did not want to turn French lads into English ones, and that "Rough sports do not suit our race, more refined in its *vigeur élégante* than that of the Anglo-Saxon." But the years bring about great changes.

Fashion, too, has always had a great influence on sport in France and Paris. This was seen in regard to cycling quite a good many years ago. It became a popular pastime with almost all classes, especially with women. It was the excuse with the latter for adopting new fashions. Wonderful knickerbocker costumes were devised—for the Parisienne decided to ride a man's machine and not a "drop frame" type—which varied from unabashed and even scanty knickers, not much less elementary than the present-day cross-country girl's shorts, to "divided skirts" of voluminous cut. The cycling was the excuse for the clothes. Most Englishwomen, on the other hand, had prejudices in those far-off days against knickerbockers, "bloomers," or "rational dress," and finding cycling a good and agreeable pastime, indulged in it with

all the disadvantages arising from but little modified or ordinary attire.

Golf has made rapid progress in France, and Paris is well-served by nearby courses.

Pigeon shooting is popular in France, and there is a Tir aux Pigeons in the Bois, at which, on "big" days a very fashionable crowd assembles to watch the "crack" shots. But here, again, the sport is more a peg on which to hang beautiful clothes for the women, and social recreation for the men than a very serious delight in shooting as a sport.

There is, however, a good deal of game shooting done in the neighbourhood of Paris. Indeed, the preserves of the Departments of Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne, and of the Oise are so well-stocked that they are said to contain half as much game as the whole of France. They are owned chiefly by the great proprietors, bankers, and other millionaires. Those estates and lands adjoining these rich game preserves—which get some of the stray birds and hares—are often rented by syndicates. And in addition to these are other syndicates which merely possess the right to shoot over certain areas of fields belonging to farmers and others. The members of these syndicates are generally professional men, the wealthier shopkeepers, and people with small fixed incomes with a love of sport with the gun.

Horse racing, being a comparatively passive sport for all save the few concerned, is immensely popular with the Parisian of all classes. Paris is surrounded with race-courses, and that in the Bois de Boulogne for flat racing at the Hippodrome de Longchamps, and the Champs de Courses d'Auteuil for steeple-chasing at the other side of the Bois, are thronged on the occasion of the Grand Prix, which takes place at Longchamps on the last Sunday in June, and the Grand Steeplechase de Paris on the previous Sunday at Auteuil. Then one sees Paris *en fête*. Everyone is there, either in the paddock, grand

stand, or field, from members of the old aristocracy of birth to the *nouveaux riches ;* the reigning queens of beauty of the theatres and *cafés chantants* to the most humble feminine members of Society.

The return from the Grand Prix is, indeed, scarcely less notable a social function than the race itself. The route back to Paris from Longchamps is lined by tens of thousands of spectators, who watch with interest the unending streams of automobiles, carriages, taxis and pedestrians. It is safe to say that almost everyone tries to ride on the day of the Grand Prix—many saving up for months to hire a taxi—and so those riding are a truly democratic and cosmopolitan throng.

Great crowds, too, attend almost all the race-courses in the immediate vicinity of the capital. At Chantilly, the favourite course of the French Jockey Club, where the French Derby (which is, unlike our own classic race, reserved for native horses) is run ranking next after the Grand Prix, and the French Oaks, known as the Prix de Diane ; Saint Cloud, where is run the Prix du President de la République, on the first Sunday in July ; Maison Laffitte, which is the chief training centre near Paris, and is a home of flat-racing, trotting races, and hurdling events, are all well-patronised in their various seasons.

The " pari mutuel " system of betting, by which one bets by the number of a horse and not by its name, and takes a ticket recording the bet, has not a little to do with the popularity of horse-racing in Paris. This system eliminates the necessity of queuing up for payment after the race, and the chance of losing what one has won, through defaulting bookmakers, as the tickets can be cashed for one's winnings within a few days after the race, in several places in, Paris itself.

Motoring is, of course, very popular with Parisians. For a period, in the early days, motoring was, indeed, considerably more advanced as a pastime, and motor racing as a sport, than with us. Nowadays daily through

A GARGOYLE OF NOTRE DAME

The quaint and in some cases horrible figures of hobgoblins, chimeras, and ghouls or devils which ornament the balustrades of the towers of Notre Dame are famous and never fail to interest the enterprising tourist who climbs to the point of vantage where these strange beings crouch, overlooking the city.

the various " Portes " of Paris there is a constant stream of cars making for the open country, beauty spots and places of interest ; and this is especially the case on Sundays and Fêtes. Picnics are very popular with Parisians of all classes during the late spring and summer months. Those of the upper class make excursions for the purpose either by motor, train, or river to some of the well-known and popular resorts in the neighbourhood of Paris, or further afield, while the *petit bourgeois*, his wife, and family seek their picnic grounds nearer home in the Bois de Boulogne, Bois de Vincennes, or some other spot easily and inexpensively reached by tram.

While Parisians have undoubtedly a love of open-air life, as witness the popularity of the cafés with *terrasses* where they can eat and drink in public, and of riverside restaurants, they have when indoors an almost ludicrous fear of draughts. Although matters are better in this respect than a quarter of a century ago, the ventilation in all save modern homes, is unscientific and inadequate. And in all save the most up-to-date hotels, frequented chiefly by British and American visitors, one finds windows of bedrooms shut, and in many cases almost hermetically sealed from disuse.

But Paris at work or play is a pleasant sight for the sympathetic observer. The Parisian does not appear on the surface to take work or life too seriously ; and Parisians of all classes are capable of thoroughly losing themselves in their amusements, and of enjoying their recreations of all kinds to the full.

The Gallic nature is essentially ebullient, and this characteristic is especially noticeable in the true Parisian. With them a spark of passion in love or hate, or in social or political controversy, is apt to kindle not merely a fire, but not seldom a conflagration.

CHAPTER IV

THE GARDENS, PARKS, AND STREETS OF PARIS

The Tuileries Gardens—Palais de Luxembourg—Parc Monceau—Bois de Boulogne—Champs Élysées—Bois de Vincennes—Buttes Chaumont—Avenue du Bois de Boulogne—Rue de Rivoli—Avenue de l'Opéra—The Grands Boulevards.

NOT the least delightful features of Paris are its beautiful gardens, delightful parks, and wide and cleanly kept streets. The first gardens that most visitors to Paris see are the historic and famous ones of the Tuileries once attached to the Palace of the same name not a vestige of which is left, except the Pavillon du Flore, and, strange to say, of which Palace there is not known to be in existence a single complete plan of a building which was in existence so recently as the year 1870, and within the walls of which so much history had been made.

No portion of Paris, however, is more nearly as it was a century ago as that in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tuileries Gardens. Few who visit them, or content themselves with merely viewing them through the iron railings on their northern side when passing along the Rue de Rivoli, know the origin of the name. The Palace was so called because it was built on the site of a vast clay pit, from which the material to make the tiles or *tuiles* for the roofs of Paris houses was obtained. Catherine de Médicis began the Tuileries Palace about 1570, but the clay pit on the western side remained in use for some time, and Bernard Palissy, the "famous potter," had his kilns there at this period

Photo: Office Francais De Tourisme

HÔTEL DE VILLE

This comparatively modern building, erected after the Commune, in 1876, is a fine example of French Renaissance architecture, with the façade ornamented in the Classic style. The viewpoint is from the Quai aux Fleurs on the Île de la Cité, with the Pont d'Arcole in the foreground.

Gardens, Parks & Streets

The exquisite gardens with their beautiful trees, many statues, and wonderful flower-beds which charm all visitors to the French capital were laid out by Lenotre for Louis XIV, and were then bounded on the west, or Place de la Concorde side, by a moat and a great market garden. In the gardens of the Tuileries have walked in the past most of the great Parisians who left their mark upon the sands of time. Gabriel, the great architect of Louis XV, built pavilions and balustrades at the west end of the gardens, and also the two magnificent buildings which stand on the northern side of the Place de la Concorde, the eastern of which was formerly used as a Royal Store House, where jewels, plate, pictures, furniture, and all sorts of treasures were deposited when not required for use. The building on the eastern side of the Rue Royale was originally the residence of three great French families bearing the names of Daumont, Crillon, and Coislon. It is now occupied by the Hôtel Crillon, and the Automobile and Union Clubs.

On the other side of the river up on the slopes of Montparnasse are the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg Palace, in the heart of one of the most romantic quarters of Paris, and most easily reached from the northern side of the river either by the famous Rue de Seine, which runs up from the riverside behind the Institut de France, or by the equally famous Boulevard St. Michel further along the tree-shaded *quais*. These gardens, designed in the early part of the seventeenth century for Marie de Médicis, Queen of Henry IV, are laid out in the Italian style in compliment, perhaps, to the land of her birth.

They have seen many historic incidents, and for years have seemed to be the peculiar property of the students of the Quartier Latin, who attend the Sorbonne, the École des Beaux-Arts, and various *ateliers* or Art Schools, and dwell in the narrow and tortuous streets of the older portion of the quarter, or in the huge blocks of

flats and studios which have of late years sprung up along the Boulevards Raspail and Vaugirard, the latter the longest street in Paris.

Fewer tourists come to these gardens than to those of the Tuileries, and, perhaps for this reason, they are peculiarly French in atmosphere, and in them one can best study the appearance, habits, and types of the Parisians. Here, indeed, one meets with students of all kinds; *bonnes*, who still notwithstanding changing fashions cling to their uniform of big aprons and close-fitting caps with long wide ribbon streamers; and the *petits rentiers*, who have their slender capital invested in *rentes*, the French equivalent of our Consols; children of almost all ages and classes; and the inevitable lovers on the seats under the beautiful avenue of chestnut trees, or in some more secluded corner of the gardens, lost to the world and apparently oblivious of the fascinating scene of changing life around them. As in our own Kensington Gardens, with its Round Pond, the centre of attraction for the youngsters in those of the Luxembourg is the pond in which generations of children since it was made long ago have sailed their miniature fleets of boats.

On entering the gardens from the southern end near the beautiful fountain of Carpeaux with bronze figures representing the four quarters of the globe supporting an armillary sphere, and the famous seahorses of Frémiet, one cannot fail to be struck with the skill with which every yard of space has been used for effect, and with the delightful vista of trimly cut lawns, flower-beds, and statues which seem to lead the eye onwards towards the Palace at the far end. Here, in the Luxembourg Gardens, one finds all four seasons of the year delightful. Even in winter the bare trees have a charm of form for the seeing eye, and throw delightful lace-like silhouettes of their branches on the gravel walks beneath on days of sunshine; while in spring one has all the delicate tints of

bursting leaves, the twittering of the Paris sparrows, and the occasional song of blackbirds and thrushes to charm one. In summer the brilliant sunshine, galaxy of many coloured flowers, shimmering water, and clarity of atmosphere for which Paris is famous ; and in autumn days there are the wonderful tints of the trees to charm one, the softer lighting and the general air of mellowness which comes at the fall of the year.

In the north-east corner of the Gardens one finds the fountain of Marie de Médicis in which the surrounding trees glass themselves, and where one seems to breathe the atmosphere of a past age. Behind it is the Fountain of Leda.

Truly it may be said of the Luxembourg Gardens, as of most others in Paris, that they are the territory of childhood and youth rather than merely the peaceful resort of age.

On the opposite side of the river bounded on its northern side by the Boulevard de Courcelles and reached from the Place de la Madeleine by the wide Boulevard Maleshebes lies the delightful little Parc Monceau, once the resort of fashionable Paris of the eighteenth century, and the scene of brilliant balls and fêtes. It is less known than it deserves to be, and lies half a mile or so north of the Champs Élysées in the very heart of one of the best residential districts of Paris.

Just before the Revolution there stood here the residence of the Duke of Orleans who endeavoured to save his head by calling himself Philippe-Égalité, and whose son ultimately reigned as Louis Philippe. The palace and the greater part of the magnificent gardens of that day have disappeared or have been built over, but the fragment which remains of the latter as the Parc Monceau is a delightful spot, especially in summer.

In it, comparatively restricted though its area, is the beautiful Naumachie, a delightful sheet of water, on the

banks of which stands the Corinthian Colonnade, once a portion of a church at St. Denis destroyed more than two centuries ago. Here, too, is a fragment of the old Hôtel de Ville of Paris, which was burnt down by the Communists in 1871, in the shape of a Renaissance arcade. In this delightful little park there are many monuments of note, mostly to those distinguished in the Arts, including an exquisite one by Verlet to that master writer of the short story, Guy de Maupassant. Beneath the bust of the writer, set on a pedestal, is the figure of a woman half reclining, whose dress is so exquisitely carved that one can put one's fingers in the intersticies of the lace of which it is formed. There are also some fine statues worth noting, by various masters.

The Parc Monceau is a children's paradise, and on all fine days, whatever the season of the year—especially on Sundays—it is simply swarming with them, exquisitely dressed little people charming and graceful in their play, and often attended by their proud fathers who seem, indeed, perhaps more than the parents of other nations to possess the genius for sympathetic companionship with small children. And yet amid the scene of young life, happiness, and gaiety one remembers the tragic fact that beneath the soil hereabouts were buried many of the victims of the guillotine, including Madame Elizabeth, Louis XVI's sister. In the district round about the Parc Monceau were buried also many other leaders and victims of the Revolution, including Marie Antoinette herself, whose body was brought and left unburied in a corner for nearly two weeks, and whose "funeral expenses," when she had been interred, amounted to less than £3 ; Charlotte Corday ; Camille and Lucille Desmoulins ; Danton ; Mme. Rolande ; and many others—nearly three thousand in all it is said.

Of the famous avenues and streets of Paris none is better known to the world at large than the Avenue des

Champs Élysées, which stretches from the Place de la Concorde in a wide and perfectly straight line to the Arc de Triomphe, standing on the Place de l'Étoile. The Place de la Concorde is not only one of the most world famous of squares, but it is associated with many historic and dramatic episodes of French history. No similar spot that we know affords such beautiful vistas as one obtains from the centre, and various points on it. These dwell long in the memory of the beholder, and never fail to intrigue and amaze the visitor who first sees them.

In the Hôtel de Crillon, to which we have before referred, stayed many of the Allied Generals and Statesmen during the War. It was also the headquarters of the American Delegation to the Peace Conference in 1919.

Standing in the centre of the Place near the Obelisk, which was a gift from the Khedive of Egypt to Louis Philippe, one has looking east a fine view of the Gardens of the Tuileries ; southward, of the Pont de la Concorde, and the Chambre des Députés across the river ; northward, a view up the Rue Royale to the Madeleine ; and westward, what most people will consider the finest view of all, one of the wide Avenue des Champs Élysées, stretching upward by a gentle slope to the gleaming white Arc de Triomphe. It was here, when the square was known as the Place de la Révolution, that the guillotine was erected on a spot lying a little to the south of the present entrance to the Avenue Champs Élysées. During a period of but little over two years more than three thousand persons perished, including many of those who, in the early days of the Revolution, were leaders of the Paris mob. Here, too, after the fall of Napoleon, the Allied Russian and British troops camped, and older Parisians can remember when, in 1871, the square was again occupied by foreign invaders, and formed the extreme limit eastward of the Prussian occupation of the city. For just short of fifty years, in

memory of this humiliation and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine to France by the Peace of Frankfort, the statue of Strasbourg, which occupies the extreme north-east corner of the Place, was hung with crêpe and wreaths of *immortelles* until the French troops again possessed the city of Strasbourg, and the lost provinces were won back by France in November, 1918.

The present site of the Obelisk was formerly occupied by a statue of Louis XV on horseback in the toga of a Roman Emperor, and supported by four figures representing the virtues. The Parisians, however, made great fun of this, and one night someone attached to the pedestal some lines which became famous, running, "Monument grotesque. Pedestal of infamy. The virtues are on foot while vice rides on horseback."

On either side of the Avenues des Champs Élysées are exquisite trees and flower-beds, beautifully kept, and forming at least during three seasons of the year a delightful picture. In the lower half of the Avenue, which is divided into two almost equal parts by the Rond Point, are placed several of the open-air restaurants, which form so striking a feature of Paris life, occupying the sites of others which have passed away though equally famed in their time.

Here, too, are situated the open-air music-halls and restaurants of the Ambassadors and Alcazar on the northern side of the Avenue ; with the famous Restaurant de Ledoyen on the southern. Further up towards the Rond Point stands the Grand Palais on the south-western corner, which was built at the time of the 1900 Exhibition, and is now used for various purposes. On the other side of the Avenue Alexandre III is the Petit Palais : a fine example of modern French architecture, now used as an Art Museum for the city of Paris, containing various collections which include fine examples of many masters.

Near the Rond Point and the corner of the Avenue

Marigny, running northward to the right, on fine afternoons one finds a charming picture in the crowds of children who gather to watch the performances of Guignol, the French Punch and Judy. And, indeed, delightful little people seem to annex almost the whole of the spaces beneath the trees of the Avenue Champs Élysées, attended by their *bonnes* in picturesque costumes, where they play games and ride in little goat carriages, or on small donkeys, while on almost every hand are to be found tiny stalls for the sale of toys, balls, and sweetmeats, and parading slowly up and down are the Marchands des Ballons with their many coloured clusters seeking purchasers.

At the top of the Avenue stands the Arc de Triomphe, dominating the surrounding district and visible from both sides of the slope which it crowns, and affording from its summit one of the most beautiful and comprehensive views of Paris. The arch is the largest of its kind in the world ; and was erected as a memorial to the generals and campaigns of the First Republic and the Empire by Napoleon I from designs by Chalgrin, and completed by Louis Philippe in 1836. It is 162 feet in height, 147 feet in width, and 73 feet in depth, with a central arch 61 feet from the pavement, and 27 feet wide. The arch, notwithstanding it appears to be somewhat heavy on first sight, is very impressive, with its colossal trophies adorning the pillars of masonry on which it rests with figures 16 feet in height.

On June 1st, 1885, the coffin of Victor Hugo, who died on May 22nd, lay in state beneath the arch before his body was taken to the Panthéon, and now there is almost on the same spot the "Tomb of the Unknown Warrior," who was laid to rest on the Second Anniversary of Armistice Day, 11th November, 1920. It is sufficient to say of the statuary groups that they represent the spirit that animated the generals and the soldiers engaged in the campaigns, while those of the deep freize

illustrate some of the chief episodes of the campaign themselves. Beneath the arches are inscribed the names of the warriors, generals, and leaders taking part in them.

Those who have not already seen Paris spread out beneath them from the platform of the Sacré Cœur up on Montmartre, the Eiffel Tower, or the towers of Notre Dame will be well advised to make the somewhat toilsome ascent of the 273 steps of the Arc de Triomphe, from the top of which a wonderful panorama of the city, its principal buildings, and of the Seine winding through it is obtained. Looking eastward there is spread out before one the principal business quarters of Paris, which lie between the Basilica of the Sacré Cœur crowning Montmartre and the towers of Notre Dame by the banks of the river, with the green patch of the Parc Monceau the cupola of the Russian Church, the flat roof of the Madeleine, the Vendôme Column, that of the Place de la Bastille, the ancient Gothic Tour St. Jacques, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais du Louvre, the Île de la Cité, Notre Dame, and the gable and spire of Sainte Chapelle, and across the river the dome of the Institut de France, the tower of St. Germain-des-Prés, St. Étienne-du-Mont, and the Panthéon, the Chambre des Députés, the Hôtel des Invalides with its dome, and the Eiffel Tower, the two latter lying directly south.

To the westward lies the vast extent of the Bois de Boulogne, with its wealth of trees of various kinds, its open glades and spaces, and its many intersecting roads and *allées ;* but there are few prominent buildings to be seen in this direction, although the Trocadéro arrests the eye on the extreme left. In the distance are many factory chimneys, and it is evident that one is looking towards an existing and possible industrial district. The scene, however, is a delightful one with its background of hills in the distance, and well-wooded rising ground near St. Cloud. On the hills the most important object is Mont Valerian, on the crest of which is a fort that

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

PLACE DU CARROUSEL

This fine open space lies between the Tuileries Gardens and the Palais du Louvre. The Arc de Triomphe, bounding the garden on the east, an imitation of the Arch of Severus at Rome, was formerly the principal entrance to the Palais des Tuileries. On the right are seen the fine buildings and shops of the Rue de Rivoli.

during the siege of Paris held the city under the menace of its guns.

From the Arc de Triomphe one reaches the beautiful Bois de Boulogne by way of the Porte Dauphine down the broad Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The "Bois," as it is commonly called, contains not only two race-courses, the Champ de Courses d'Auteuil for steeplechases, one of the most beautiful of its kind in the world and the Hippodrome de Longchamps for flat races; two large lakes; several other sheets of water of less extent; a polo field; an open-air theatre, called the Théâtre de Verdure du Pré-Catelan; a number of restaurants and club-houses, including that of the famous Racing Club de France and the Zoological Gardens, known as the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

The people of Paris of all classes make the Bois their playground on Sundays and holidays, and on other days fashionable society frequents it in the morning, walking, riding, or traversing its shady Allée des Acacias, the Sentier de la Vertu, the Chemin de Ceinture, the Avenue de St. Cloud, or the numerous roads and paths in the vicinity of the Porte Dauphine, Porte Maillot, and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. On Sundays, about midday, the latter is crowded with a fashionable throng, and presents a most animated, interesting, and brilliant spectacle. To see the return from the Grand Prix, which takes place the last Sunday in June, is one of the sights of Paris, and is attended by tens of thousands of Parisians of all classes who throng the side walks and even encroach upon the road itself in their endeavour to see the many reigning beauties, celebrities, and people in the public eye who pass in their automobiles and carriages in an unending stream.

To explore the Bois thoroughly needs considerable time, but a taxi drive of a couple of hours' duration, starting from the Porte Dauphine and making by way of the Allée de Longchamps for the Porte de Suresnes, and

then driving along the Allée du Bord de l'Eau, the Boulevard de Boulogne to the Porte de Boulogne, and thence by the Allée de la Reine Marguerite to the Porte de Neuilly will give one a very comprehensive idea of its extent and beauty.

On the opposite side of Paris lies the historic Bois de Vincennes, in summer most easily and pleasantly reached by the little river boats to Charenton, or by tram from the Louvre. The Bois de Vincennes forms the great eastern playground of the industrial quarters of Paris. It is much frequented by the Parisian working classes during the summer, who form a vivid contrast to the more aristocratic frequenters of the Bois de Boulogne. Here one sees the real Parisian *ouvrier*, his wife and children at play, enjoying the delights of picnics in the open air, swings and roundabouts, or wandering in the park. In many respects the Bois de Vincennes is beautiful, and there is a most delightful little restaurant, the Café du Chalet du Lac, on the Lake de St. Mandé. The Château of Vincennes, founded in the twelfth century, was converted into a small arms factory in 1757, and is now a fortress. The beautiful chapel, with its very fine sixteenth-century windows and the monument erected by Louis XVIII to the poor young Duc d'Enghien, is always open to the public at the three Sunday morning services. There are many historical events in connection with Vincennes, and in the Panthéon is a picture by Cabanel of St. Louis sitting under an oak tree in the Bois de Vincennes to listen to the petitions of his people. In the château Henry V of England died (1422), as did also his poor mad father-in-law; and Charles IV (1328), Charles VI (1422), and Charles IX (1574), the latter haunted in his last hours by memories of the horrors of St. Bartholomew and Cardinal Mazarin (1661); while Charles V was born here in 1337. The château was used as a State prison from the days of Louis XI (1461–83), and among others confined here may be mentioned

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

AVENUE DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES

One of the finest and longest streets in Paris, running through the west end of the city, the abode of the aristocracy of wealth. This avenue, bordered by trees and magnificent houses, and other buildings, leads one from the Place de la Concorde to the famous Arc de l'Étoile. It forms a wonderful and crowded artery of traffic famous the world over.

the King of Navarre (1547), the great Condé (1650), Fouquet (1661), Diderot (1749), Count Mirabeau (1777), and lastly the Duc d'Engein (1804), who was shot for conspiracy by order of Napoleon I. The conspirators against the National Assembly, May, 1848, were also confined here. The Bois de Vincennes, which was laid out in 1860–67, is less artificial than the Bois de Boulogne, and covers, including the Champ de Manœuvres and the Artillery Polygone, an area of upwards of 2300 acres. The race-course at Vincennes is the largest near Paris. A very fine and accurate description of the dungeons, torture chamber, and general character of the château is to be found in Dumas' *Marguerite de Valois*, and the incidents described have considerable foundation on historical facts. From time to time a number of prisoners of less note than the young Duke have been shot in the moat outside the château, and during the Great War there were often firing squads busy at Vincennes dealing with actual or suspected spies, and one of the latter was the famous woman dancer Matahari. A stroll in the park may be taken to the Pyramid marking the site of the oak tree of St. Louis and across the drill ground to where the Marne and Seine have their confluence.

Among the smaller parks of Paris must be placed the Parc des Buttes Chaumont lying between the industrial quarters of Belleville and La Villette. It is a pretty park with rocks and miniature waterfalls, very little visited by the average tourist, but much frequented by the inhabitants of the north-eastern industrial quarters of Paris. The hills or *buttes* were once a barren waste with extensive quarries of gypsum and were the principal dumping ground for the refuse of the city. Among the rocks which still remain there are delightful gardens and walks with a small lake, and a cascade falling from a height of about 100 feet into an artificial grotto, formerly the entrance to the quarries. From the little temple

on one of the rocks in the lake a very pretty view in the direction of St. Denis and Montmartre is obtained. The Chemin de fer de Ceinture has a station, Belleville-Villette, close to the park, which contains a number of fine bronze statues, many of which are by notable sculptors.

Another of the smaller parks of Paris, south of the Cimetière Montparnasse, is that of Montsouris, reached by the Boulevard Raspail and Avenue de Montsouris. It is pretty, though small, has the usual lake, and contains some notable bronze and other statues. There is a picturesque Moorish building used as an observatory above the lake. The park is likely to become more known as it is in this quarter that the new Cité Universitaire is to be built.

The streets of Paris with their ever-changing cosmopolitan crowd, very fine shops, and the broad side-walks frequently shaded by shapely trees, have unending charm for the visitor to the city by the Seine. In the words of an American girl, paying her first visit to the French capital to which a cynic once said, "All good Americans go when they die," "Everything is so new and fresh." And what was true of Paris in pre-War days is certainly true of it to-day. Though, just as with us, some of the habits and certainly the outlook of the Parisian have in many respects changed, the people of whatever class remain in outward seeming very much what they were before the Great War.

Perhaps the Rue St. Honoré may be said to be the most historic of existing Paris streets, but certainly the Rue de Rivoli may be said to be one of the most famous and best known streets of the world. We know no other quite comparable to it; with the exquisite Tuileries Gardens for a long distance on the southern side of it and its almost unending and unique arcaded footway on the other. Along the latter are to be found some of the most attractive shops, especially towards its eastern

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

COUR ROYALE, VERSAILLES

The Cour Royale gives some idea of the vastness of Versailles, and the wonderful collection of buildings which comprises the Palace. At one time the Palace had room for ten thousand inhabitants. Some of the buildings seen in the background were erected in the reigns of Louis XV, and Louis XVIII.

end in the neighbourhood of the Louvre. It is certainly one of the tourist centres of Paris, a very modern street towards its western end. Napoleon conceived the idea of constructing it as far back as 1802, but little was done except to name it till ten years later, and the first portion of it was not entirely finished until 1835. It was somehow or other not fancied for a business quarter, and, indeed, so little demand was there for sites for commercial purposes at the outset that the city had to grant the use of them free for ninety-nine years. Formerly the ground was occupied by great convents or monasteries, and in the reign of Louis XV there was hereabouts a riding school built for his use. The first of the convents, the seventeenth-century chapel of which still stands at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and Rue Cambon, was that of the Dames of the Assumption ; then came that of the Capucines (preserved in the name Rue des Capucines), in whose secularised convent Lafayette held the Moderate Club which endeavoured to hold the Revolution in check. On the other side of the street is the Hôtel Continental, and on one of the garden pillars is a tablet recording that it was there stood the riding school in which the National Assembly met to proclaim the first French Republic, and in which Louis XVI was tried and condemned to death. In the Arcade of the Rue de Rivoli is a pillar numbered 230 occupying the position where the Bar at which the speakers at the trials of the Royalists stood.

At the south side of the Rue de Rivoli on the corner where it is intersected by the Boulevard de Sebastopol rises the ancient Tour St. Jacques, 175 feet in height, erected in the early part of the sixteenth century in the Gothic style of architecture. It belonged to the Church of St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, taken down in 1789, which was a sanctuary for criminals. Almost midway down the Rue de Rivoli, partly concealed by the arcades, is the Temple de l'Oratoire, a church erected by the priests of

the Oratory in 1631, now used as a Protestant place of worship. Outside, set in the wall behind the iron railings, is a statue of Admiral Coligny, one of the most famous victims of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

One could perhaps hardly choose a better example of the streets of the great modern city of Paris, or of its kind a finer thoroughfare, than the wide Avenue l'Opéra, which stretches in a long straight line from the Place du Théâtre Français to the beautiful Opéra itself. It was constructed between 1854 and 1858, and cut through a perfect network of old and narrow streets. The Avenue de l'Opéra enjoys the distinction of being the first street lighted by electricity. Running parallel with it and commencing near the Place du Théâtre Français, is one of the old streets, the Rue d'Argenteuil, where Corneille lived. His house no longer exists, but No. 6 occupies its site, and when it was pulled down Sardou, the great dramatist, had the keystone of its front door and a portion of its stairway taken out to Marly-le-Roi, where he lived, and had collected together many fragments and historic relics. In the Rue Molière, which is the first on the right passing up the avenue, stands the Fontaine Molière, which is worth seeing. It was erected in 1844 to the memory of the famous dramatist who died at No. 40 Rue de Richlieu in 1673. The statue is by Seurre. Few streets are more frequented by American and English tourists than the Avenue de l'Opéra ; and with its fine shops largely devoted to bric-à-brac, jewellery, and other wares peculiarly attractive to tourists, and the upper stories occupied by some of the famous firms of dressmakers and offices it forms one of the great meeting-places and shopping centres of Paris.

The Grand Boulevards, as they are called, although the tendency of the fashionable world of Paris, and consequently of the most exclusive shops—particularly those fo dressmakers, sellers of articles *de vertu*, *lingerie*, pictures, and bric-à-brac—has been to migrate westward

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

PLACE VENDOME

One of the oldest and most historic squares in Paris, surrounded by fine shops and magnificent hotels, and having in the centre the famous Vendome Column, 142 feet in height and 13 feet in diameter. It is surmounted by a figure of Napoleon in his Imperial robes.

in the direction of the neighbourhood of the Place de l'Étoile, still possess and will, we prophesy, long possess an attraction for the average visitor to Paris. One may study the life of the Parisians of almost all classes fairly thoroughly by a leisurely promenade of the Grands Boulevards, from the Place de la Madeleine to the Place de la République, a distance of under three miles.

Along the two short boulevards, westward of the Place de l'Opéra—the Boulevard de la Madeleine and the Boulevard des Capucines—are to be found some of the most frequented and best shops of this quarter of Paris. They, however, are not the very expensive and exclusive ones, many of which have their *locale* in the famous Rue de la Paix branching down from the Boulevard des Capucines to the Place Vendôme, where people with "money to burn" do their shopping. It must be admitted that the Boulevards have lost some of the reputation and vogue they enjoyed in the latter years of the nineteenth and first few years of the twentieth centuries. During that period these wide commercial avenues extending westward and eastward of the Place de l'Opéra were considered the great promenading place in Paris, everyone who was anyone might be seen during most days along them. Their heyday has passed, but one still finds them crowded by tourists and Parisians of the middle and upper middle classes on most days of the week; and especially on Sundays and Fêtes. And the fact that some of the best known of the café-restaurants are still to be found along them serves to attract most foreigners on holiday in Paris, and the *terrasses* of the cafés on fine days are thronged with a cosmopolitan crowd of patrons, including many Parisians who make *rendezvous* with their friends.

During the lunch hour—from a little before noon till half-past one—the scene is extremely animated, for it is then that the boulevards are thronged with thousands

of people, men and women, girls and boys, who are employed in the offices and businesses of adjacent streets. And again early in the evening, from six till about seven, the streams of people on the side walks present a remarkable and even fascinating sight.

The boulevards are the happy hunting ground of pedlars of all kinds, from the sellers of more or less expensive mechanical toys and dolls, to the vendors of air balloons of all colours of the rainbow, and of picture post cards (sometimes of a doubtful character); to the hawkers of pea nuts and chestnuts in their due season. The *bouquetières* or flower girls are also a special feature of the Grands Boulevards. They come along the sidewalks holding out their small or large bouquets, and push their way amid the little tables outside the cafés, and even penetrate into the interiors in search of customers. Along the main boulevards and just where they run into the Place de l'Opéra, and on the pavement of the Place itself are to be found the touts and guides—these also a special type of Paris, most of whom should be uncompromisingly rebuffed—offering their services to places of amusement of the less reputable sort.

The Boulevard des Italiens, the first eastward of the Place de l'Opéra, is perhaps the most famous and widely known of all. On it is to be found the Opéra Comique and the handsome central offices of the Crédit Lyonnais, which, as all the world knows, is one of the greatest French banking corporations. Here, too, are some of the most attractive of the shops which cater for tourists and well-to-do, if not the very wealthy, Parisians. Once their *clientèle* was of a higher class.

As one makes one's way eastward, the shops become more general in character, and the people one meets with on the sidewalks less and less of the sight-seeing and leisured classes, for we are gradually approaching some of the quarters of the city almost entirely given over to industries, manufactures, and the working classes. The

Photo: Office Francais *De Tourisme*

THE FAMOUS PONT DE LA CONCORDE

One of the most famous bridges of Paris, built by Perronet, 1787–90, containing in its upper portion many of the stones of the Bastille. It leads to the Place de la Concorde, in the centre of which stands the Obelisk of Rameses II, from the great Temple at Luxor, and in the background are to be seen the buildings of the Ministry of Marine and the Automobile Club, with the façade of the Madeleine in the background.

Boulevard Montmartre, which joins the Boulevard des Italiens, has much of interest for the student of character, and in the cafés one meets with many strange types, mostly of the commercial and industrial worlds, with a sprinkling of the men who are at the back of various great industries, and who are too busy to go further westward for their midday meal.

The Théâtre des Variétés is here, with its imitation Greek façade. At it comedies entirely French in character, that can only be understood by those possessing an excellent knowledge of the language, are staged. In passing one may note that in the Rue Drouot, close by, at the Hôtel des Ventes, are held every day at 2 p.m., under Government supervision, the famous auctions except during the month of August, at which articles of every imaginable kind are sold, from second-hand furniture and household belongings to precious stones and valuable pictures and books. The salerooms attract dealers and amateur collectors from all parts of Paris, and even the provinces, and a sale is well worth attending, if only to see the many strange types, and to witness the exciting and sometimes almost turbulent scenes which take place.

The Boulevard Poissonnière leads one still further away from the more fashionable part of Paris. In the streets radiating from it one has the headquarters of the cloth industry, and of manufacturing tailors' shops.

One may mention, too, that hereabouts one will find several streets of similar name, such as the Rue Montmartre and Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, the meaning of this is that the word "Faubourg" means "suburb," and the commencement of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre or of any other street bearing the term "Faubourg" indicates the spot at which anciently it left the city walls behind and passed out beyond into the country.

Eastward of the Rue Poissonnière, which gained its

name from the fact that the fish supplies of Paris were brought along it, the boulevard becomes that of Bonne Nouvelle, which extends to the Porte St. Denis. A triumphal arch erected in 1673 to commemorate the victories of Louis XIV in Holland and the Low Countries, from designs by F. Blondel. It was through this gate that the Royal Family passed in their flight to Varennes on June 21, 1791. It is 81 feet in height, and its piers are adorned by obelisks in relief on both sides ornamented by military trophies. The figures on the bases of the obelisks represent (left) conquered Batavia (Holland), a river god of the Rhine. Above the arch is a relief representing the Passage of the Rhine by Louis XIV in 1672. On the other side of the arch is one depicting the capture of Maestricht in 1673. This district is almost entirely devoted to the business of the export trade, and millions of francs worth or artificial flowers and fancy articles are made or exported from here annually.

The Rue St. Denis is one of the most ancient in Paris. The Boulevard St. Denis which intersects it is a short one, and one soon reaches that of St. Martin, which has the peculiarity that the sidewalks are raised above the level of the roadway, which latter was lowered in the middle half of the last century to facilitate traffic. Along this boulevard—the shops of which are of decreasing importance and standing—are situated on the left side several theatres, including the Théâtre de la Rénaissance, with its memories of Bernhardt, Guitry, and other famous stage favourites ; Théâtre Porte St. Martin, founded in 1781, in which the Opéra was for many years housed, burned by the Communists in 1873, in which Rostand was made famous in 1897 by Coquelin, who produced his *Cyrano de Bergerac ;* and the Folies Dramatiques. The Porte St. Martin was erected by the city in honour of Louis XIV about 1675. It has three arches, is 57 feet high, and is from the designs of Pierre Bullet. There are

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

LE PONT ALEXANDRE III

Across the Seine stretch many fine and historic bridges, none finer than the one shown in the picture built 1896–1900 and named after the Czar of Russia. In the distance to the right is the Dome of the Invalides, and the Esplanade des Invalides.

reliefs on the north side by M. Desjardins and G. Marsy, and on the south by Le Hongre and Legros the Elder. They represent the capture of Besançon, the capture of Limburg, and the defeat of the Spaniards, Germans, and Dutch.

The boulevard ends at the Place de la République, formerly known as the Place du Château d'Eau. Two wide boulevards, the Boulevard du Temple and Boulevard Beaumarchais, run in a southerly direction to the Place de la Bastille near the Gare de Vincennes. The former was once the fashionable promenade of the Parisians when the centre of life of the city was far further east than it is to-day. At the commencement of the Boulevard du Temple stands the Théâtre Déjazet.

The Place de la République is spacious and interesting. It occupies the site of one of the old bastions of the fortifications which were done away with by Louis XIV. It took its present regular shape in 1880. In the centre of the Place is an imposing statue of the Republic by the brothers Morice, which is 32 feet high to the tip of the olive branch. The stone plinth on which the statue stands is 50 feet in height, and on its sides are twelve bas-reliefs in bronze by Dalou of historical events connected with the Revolution from the taking of the oath in the Jeu de Paume in 1789 down to the National Fête on July 14th, 1880. The Boulevard Beaumarchais is the last and longest of the Grands Boulevards, and is nearly half a mile in length.

A tour of the boulevards will give the sojourner in Paris a very wide angle view of the kaleidoscopic character of Parisian life, a knowledge of a variety of localities, and if he possesses a seeing eye, an acquaintance with numberless types. All will notice sooner or later the woman in blue and white uniforms, and wearing large white starched coifs, who are known as "The Little Sisters of the Poor." They are more seen in this eastern

quarter of Paris than others, and more especially along the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, St. Denis, and St. Martin, as they have their headquarters near by. They are the Sisters of the Order of St. Vincent-de-Paul.

CHAPTER V

THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND MUSEUMS

The Opéra—Théâtre Français—Théâtre de l'Odéon—The Opéra Comique—The Bourse—The Louvre—The Chambre des Députés—The Palace of the Trocadéro—Musée de Cluny—Palais du Luxembourg—The Invalides—Musée Carnavalet—The Institut de France—The Sorbonne—The Panthèon—Palais de Justice—The Bibliothèque Nationale—The Hôtel Dieu.

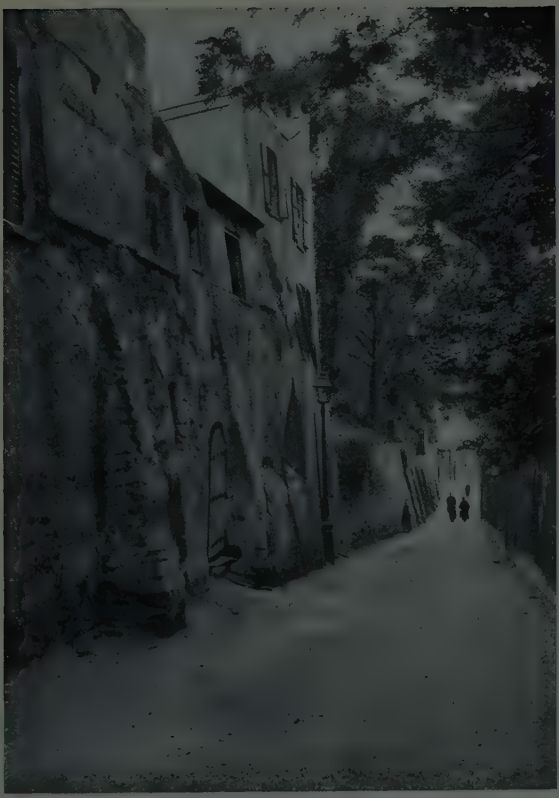
FEW cities which have been modernised as has Paris possess greater interests and attractions in the way of ancient and other public buildings and museums. The oldest of the buildings, for example the beautiful little Cluny Museum, have, of course, historic interest as buildings quite apart from that of the collections they contain. It would need many weeks, indeed, in which to thoroughly explore and make oneself acquainted with the treasures possessed by the City of Paris, many of which are, indeed, envied by the whole world.

The building which generally is seen first by the average tourist and visitor to Paris because it stands in a commanding position in just that quarter with which tourists and foreign visitors so speedily become acquainted is undoubtedly the magnificent Opéra House standing on the northern side of the Place de l'Opéra, which has been described as the hub of the Parisian's life. Although it is known officially as the Académie Nationale de la Musique, it is always familiarly referred to as the Opéra. It is a comparatively modern building, erected from designs by Charles Garnier between the years 1861 and 1874. Its magnificent façade, which is

elaborately ornamented, has nevertheless a somewhat squat appearance, its height seeming somewhat inadequate for its breadth. It is the largest theatre in the world as regards area, for it occupies a space of nearly three acres. Its seating accommodation, however, is not remarkable, as it contains only seats for 2156 people, while the Théâtre of La Scala, Milan, holds upwards of 1400 more. The total cost of the Opéra amounted to £1,500,000, and there is scarcely a single variety of marble or costly stone that has not been made use of in its construction.

The principal façade is approached by a broad flight of steps, and consists of three stories. On the ground-floor is the portico with its seven arches, on the piers of which are four large groups of statuary and four statues: that representing Lyric Poetry by Jouffroy; Music by Guillaume; Idyllic Poetry by Aizelin; Declamation by Chapu; Song by Dubois and Vatrinelle; Drama by Falguière; Lyric Drama by Perraud; and what is considered the most notable of the series, La Danse by Carpeaux, standing on the extreme eastern corner.

To see the Opéra at its best one must attend one of the Subscription Nights—Monday, Wednesday, or Friday—during either the spring or winter season. On these occasions the beautiful, and one might say gorgeous, decorations of the world-famed Grand Staircase, and the foyer or lounge and promenade provide an adequate setting for the lovely dresses and wonderful jewels of the women of the audience, which comprises literally everybody who is anybody happening to be in Paris at the time. Quite a different throng is to be found on the occasion of the Carnival Balls, the revellers are very much more mixed, especially of recent years, and beauty and notoriety, and even some of the members of the Underworld of Paris are to be seen rubbing shoulders with the "great ones of the earth," and gaiety fast and furious is the order of the night until dawn, when the



THE RUE ST. VINCENT. MONTMARTRE

One of the most famous and most ancient streets of Paris high on Montmartre, a haunt of artists. The old wall is that of a country-house of Henry IV, when Montmartre had flocks and fields.

vast throng of dancers of all classes, in every imaginable variety of fancy dress make their way down the great staircase and the flight of steps leading to the Place de l'Opéra, and disperse in the grey light of coming day.

On the first floor is a loggia with thirty Corinthian columns, sixteen of stone, 33 feet in height, and fourteen smaller columns of red marble with gilded bronze capitols, which form a sort of frame to the lofty windows which have balconies of green Swedish marble. In the centre of each lateral façade there is a pavilion, that on the left known as the "Pavillon d'Honneur," with a double carriage-way, in front of which is a monument by Carpeaux to Charles Garnier, the architect. The pavilion on the right has a covered carriage entrance for regular subscribers.

Passing through gilded gates one enters the vestibule and immediately opposite is the Grand Staircase or Escalier d'Honneur, which is the chief work of Garnier. The steps are of white marble, the balustrades of *rosso antico*, and the handrail is formed of Algerian onyx, which gives some idea of the lavish use of valuable materials in the construction of the Opéra. There are some magnificent ceiling frescoes by Pils; and the handsome door on the first landing, which is flanked by bronze caryatides of Tragedy and Comedy with draperies of coloured marble, and the bronze groups supporting lamps are noticeable. In the interior of the auditorium or *salle*, which is fitted up most elegantly, are five tiers of boxes; the ceiling paintings are by Lenepveu, illustrative of Day and Night. The immense stage is no less than 196 feet high, 178 feet wide, and 74 feet deep. Communicating with the stage is the famous Foyer de la Danse, in which the Coryphées assemble between the acts. At the end of it is an immense mirror 33 feet high and 23 feet wide. To this foyer only subscribers are admitted. It contains portraits of celebrated dancers of the past and other paintings from the brush of Boulanger. The Foyer du Public, which is one of the most

striking features of the Opéra House, is 175 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 59 feet high; five windows and two doors lead to the loggia, from which there is a fine view. The ceiling decorations are Melody and Harmony in the centre, with Tragedy and Comedy at the sides. Other paintings represent the Muses, with the exception of Polyhymnia; the Music of different Nations; and the Art of Dancing. There is a small museum connected with the Opéra, which, unfortunately for the usual tourist, is closed during the holiday months of July and August, containing theatrical costumes and models of theatres since the seventeenth century, and many portraits, manuscripts, and interesting theatrical posters.

The second theatre of Paris, the famous Théâtre Français, stands at the other end of the Avenue de l'Opéra in a delightful tree-shaded square in the centre of which are two handsome modern fountains with bronze nymphs by Carrier-Belleuse and Moreau, and a monument by Mercié to Alfred de Musset, who lived 1810–57, representing the Poet with the Muse of *Les Nuits*. The Théâtre Français, which is not a particularly handsome or imposing building, was considerably damaged by fire on March 8th, 1900, and was restored by Gaudet. Its history is a long one, having been used for the performances of the Comédie Française from 1799, having previously from 1787, till the latter date, been known as the Théâtre Variétiés Amusantes. Under the portico at the entrance are large medallions in marble of the chief playwrights Molière, Racine, Corneille, and Victor Hugo by D. Peuch, and on the wall to the left of the south entrance to the Palais Royal one finds a bust of the author, G. Laroumet (1852–1900), by Roussel.

Most of the great dramatic works by French playwrights of the last two centuries have been first produced by the Comédie Française, which possesses a collection of furniture and other objects that belonged to Molière and other dramatic authors and actors, and a library

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

PLACE DE L'OPÉRA

One of the busiest squares in Paris is that of the Opéra, crossed by the main boulevards, and approached by the wide Avenue de l'Opéra. The Opéra seen in the centre is one of the finest, though not the largest, in Europe, and cost nearly £2,000,000.

containing many interesting autographs, relics of actors, MSS., etc., which, however, is not open to the public.

Across on the left bank of the river near the Palace of the Luxembourg in the little Place de l'Odéon stands the theatre of the same name, which is almost as famous in its way as the Théâtre Français. The theatre dates from 1782 at the time the Rue de l'Odéon was cut through the grounds of the mansion of the Princess de Condé, given by Marie de Médicis to Henry de Bourbon, Prince of Condé for having married a lady who was carrying on a desperate flirtation with Henry IV, the husband of Marie.

The Odéon has been twice burned down, and the present building is the third built on the site in forty years. The theatre is now State subsidised, and produces chiefly serious plays and masterpieces of the great playwrights of the past. In the colonnades underneath the theatre there are many bookstalls, those of Flammarion among the most notable, and here may be met a cosmopolitan crowd of students, bibliophiles, curious tourists, and others inspecting the book boxes, and many of them sampling for hours at a time the volumes they contain. The Odéon is not only worth visiting because of the fine acting and the production of serious drama ; but also because of recent years many foreign authors, including Shakespeare and present-day Scandinavian, Italian, Spanish, English, and American authors have had their works produced by the enterprising actor-manager now directing the Odéon's fortunes. The public, too, patronising the theatre is an interesting one to the visitor to Paris, as students of all kinds predominate, and one sees in the theatre many types.

The Opéra Comique, while not differing from the Opéra so much as perhaps its title would lead the uninitiated to suppose, gives rather a lighter type of music. Certainly the original eighteenth-century conception of its particular functions has been largely departed from, and serious

works predominate, among the favourites being *Carmen*, *Manon Lescaut*, and *La Tosca*, which, indeed, are so popular as to leave little opportunity for the production of newer works.

Among the great public buildings of Paris, the Bourse, that busy hive of financial transactions, naturally occupies a prominent place. Built in 1808–26 by the then famous architects, Brongniart and Labarre, it is a handsome building surrounded by sixty-six Corinthian columns, which are 33 feet in height and over 10 feet in circumference. The building is an imitation of the Temple of Vespasian in the Forum at Rome. There is a spacious platform, and steps at either end. The Bourse is open daily, and the scene, always animated, on days of crisis or financial activity, may be described as one of frantic excitement. Ladies are not admitted. Under the peristile there are usually groups of outside brokers transacting their business, providing for students of character many types. The Bourse is opened at twelve, and is closed, by the ringing of a bell, at three o'clock, when all Stock Exchange business is over for the day.

Few buildings in Paris possess more quality of stately magnificence than do those of the famous galleries of the Louvre. The latter stands at the end of the Tuileries Gardens between the Rue de Rivoli, the Seine, and the Place du Louvre. The name is thought to be derived from the fact that the spot was the ancient meeting-place of wolf-hunters known as "the Louverie."

Philippe Augustus (1180–1223) is said to have erected the first castle here, and at all events it is known for certain that he, when constructing the new city walls, built the great corner tower of which the foundations were discovered in 1885 beneath the Museum of Ancient Sculptors. It was not until the reign of Charles V (1364–80) that the château was fitted up in a style appropriate to a royal residence. Scarcely a trace of these buildings now remains. In 1527 Francis I modernised the château,

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

LE MUSÉE DE CLUNY

There is no more charming Museum in Paris than that of Cluny, which contains a wonderful collection of medieval works of art and industry. Among the 11,000 exhibits are some extremely valuable pictures, examples of medieval art, jewelry, furniture, and relics of bygone times, some of them dating from the seventh century onwards, most beautifully arranged.

and afterwards set out to rebuild it entirely. The works were directed by Pierre Lescaut, one of the greatest architects of the early French Renaissance Period, and to him is due half the wing to the west and south of the old Louvre with its frontage on the Seine, and also the Pavillon du Roi on the south. The rich three-storied façade in the west court, the work of Jean Goujon and Paul Ponce, may be considered the most beautiful survival of the era of Francis I. Catherine de Médicis (1589), during the reign of her three sons, added considerably to the building, and among other additions built the Grande Gallerie along the side of the Seine, which was to connect the Louvre with the old Palace of the Tuileries.

Succeeding kings added either stories or additional portions to the original building, and in the reign of Louis XIII (1610–43) great additions were made under various architects; and Louis XIV (1643–1715) rebuilt the Gallerie d'Apollon after its destruction by fire in 1661, and various architects were consulted as to the design of the great eastern façade. Considerable additions in the shape of a colonnade and the façade lying towards the Seine were made by Claude Perrault, who was a physician; but in 1676 the work was partially stopped, and soon afterwards almost entirely so. Louis had, indeed, lost interest in everything but his Palace of Versailles, and his immediate successors also preferred other palaces or the Tuileries to the Louvre. The completion of the buildings, which to-day contain miles of corridors leading to hundreds of rooms, was not seriously resumed until Napoleon I came to the throne. It was he who, in 1805, ordered a thorough restoration of the whole building, and instructed his architects, Percier and Fontaine, to construct a northern connecting gallery between the Tuileries and the Louvre. It was not, however, until 1857 that, under various architects and by direction of Napoleon III, the northern gallery was completed at a cost of thirty-six million francs, approxi-

mately at that time £840,000. Finally, from 1863 to 1868, the south gallery along the borders of the Seine was greatly enlarged, and its western portion entirely remodelled.

This collection of buildings, of which a more detailed description is impossible for lack of space, considered together constitute the largest and most splendid palace in the world, covering nearly 45 acres ; and consisting of two main portions of the Old Louvre, the four wings of which enclose the large eastern court, and the New Louvre comprising the two palaces on the north and south of the Square du Louvre, and the wings which extend to the *pavillons* of the Tuileries towards the west.

The collections housed here are, as a whole, the finest in the world, and cover almost all fields of human progress in the Arts, and their developments throughout the ages.

At the south end of the Pont de la Concorde stands the Chambres des Députés, or the French House of Commons ; a not very imposing building, and by no means comparable with our Houses of Parliament at Westminster. In passing over Le Pont de la Concorde it is interesting to remember that some of the stones of the Bastille were built into it, with the object, it is said, that they might be for ever trodden under foot by a free people. The Chambre des Députés, also known as the Palais Bourbon, is situated on the Quai d'Orsay at the end of the Boulevard St. Germain. The building was begun in 1722 by Giradini for the Dowager Duchess of Bourbon, daughter of Louis XIV, and of Mdme. de Montespan. In 1790 it was declared national property ; and after the necessary alterations had been carried out, the building was used by the Council of Five Hundred, and afterwards for the sittings of the Corps Législatif, and the Chamber of Députés, which has 581 members. The Chamber is open to the public before 2 p.m., and

Photo. Yvon *Paris*

THE MAIN AVENUE. VERSAILLES

Here we have in the foreground the famous Apollo Fountain of the Palace of Versailles, which is seen in the distance at the end of the Avenue. The fountains are as famous as the historic château, and thousands come to see them play, especially on Sundays and Fêtes.

when the Chamber is not sitting at other times the building is open from nine till five.

Many stirring scenes have taken place in the Chamber, and not a few dramatic episodes have occurred when members—who are liable to become more easily excited and enraged than those of the House of Commons—have been known to produce daggers and even revolvers with which to threaten their opponents. Members desiring to speak do not, as with us, rise in their seats and address the "House"; but take their place in a rostrum. It is worth while for those interested in Parliamentary procedure to attend the sitting of the Chamber, if only to note the latitude permitted members, and the dramatic gestures with which they often accompany their speeches, which provide a striking contrast to the comparatively tame conduct of the British House of Commons.

The Palace of the Trocadéro, on a height on the right bank of the Seine opposite the Champ-de-Mars, bears the name of one of the forts at Cadiz captured in 1823 by the French. The building, which is one of the most striking and well known in Paris, stands on the site selected by Napoleon I for the erection of a Palace for the King of Rome. The present building and the laying out of the gardens surrounding it were not completed until the Exhibition of 1878. The Oriental style of the architecture, the central portion of which is covered by a dome nearly 200 feet in diameter and 180 feet in height, and flanked by two slender minaret-like towers 230 feet high and two curved wings containing galleries 220 yards in length, is very striking and takes the form of an extended crescent. The terrace is ornamented with six colossal figures in gilded bronze representing the Continents: Europe by Schœnewerk, Asia by Falguière, Africa by Delaplanche, North America by Hiolle, South America by A. Millet, and Oceania by Morceau.

The vast dome itself is surmounted by the colossal statue of Fame by A. Mercié. Both the galleries and

the balconies of the Trocadéro command beautiful views of Paris, and it is worth while to ascend to the top of the north-east tower; the best time for the view is sunset, when Paris lies spread out beneath one to the south-east and north in a luminous and softened radiance, and westward over the Bois de Boulogne and the Seine one has a scene of great and sometimes of striking beauty.

The Trocadéro is now given over to the Museum of Comparative Sculpture and Ethnography, and the eastern part is occupied by the vast theatre and beautifully decorated Salle des Fêtes, which holds no less than 6000 people. In this concerts are frequently given, and there is a magnificent organ.

One of the most delightful of the smaller museums of Paris is undoubtedly the Musée de Cluny, which lies just off the famous Boulevard St. Michel in what is known as the Latin Quarter of Paris. The ancient building, which was formerly the town residence of the Abbots of the Benedictine Monastery of Cluny, one of the most important religious foundations in France, is in itself delightful and picturesque in the extreme. In addition to which in its ancient and interesting rooms is housed one of the most valuable collections of domestic and religious objects of Art belonging to the Middle Ages to be found in Europe, admirably arranged and classified. Several days might easily be spent in gaining merely a superficial knowledge of the many treasures which the Cluny contains; here one has magnificent sculptures, antique chests, Flemish tapestries, ancient shoes and costumes, fine pictures, ivory carvings of the fourteenth-eighteenth centuries, Flemish altarpieces, Gothic cabinets, exquisite furniture, Spanish and Italian works of art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, weapons and suits of armour of various periods, fine examples of Limoges enamel, unique MSS., musical instruments, rare books, fourth-century ivory statuettes, fine ironwork and bronzes, ornaments, silver and gold

Photo: *Kodak*

THE PALAIS DE L'INSTITUT

Here one has a view of the Institut de France, founded in the middle of the seventeenth century by Cardinal Mazarin, seen across the Pont des Arts, through an archway of the Louvre.

plate, and a wonderful collection of snuff-boxes, clocks, and watches. In fact, almost everything relating to the life, arts, and furnishings of the medieval periods.

To specify adequately objects worthy of attention would be impossible in a book of the present scope, but surely romance and a fascinating interest surrounds such objects as the State bed of Francis I, of the sixteenth century; the ivory statuette found in a tomb on the Rhine dating from the fourth century; the reliquary of Catherine de Médicis; the beautiful sixteenth-century Venetian marriage chest; the Sedan chairs in which the beauties of the Courts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries passed through the streets of Paris; and the nine gold crowns found at Guarrazar, near Toledo, dating from the seventh century.

The Cluny building itself, with its vaulted postern adorned with tasteful sculpture, and its main buildings and projecting wings with Gothic stone mullioned windows, tasteful cornice, openwork parapet and delightful dormer windows, never fails to charm.

Set amidst its charming gardens at top of the steeply sloping Boulevard St. Michel, stands the Luxembourg Palace, which Marie de Médicis, widow of Henry IV, erected in 1615 on the site of the château of the Duke de Piney-Luxembourg, which she had purchased. The name perpetuates that of the Duke. The Luxembourg bears some slight resemblance to the Pitti Palace at Florence from which Marie had come.

Although the principal façade, which looks towards the Rue de Vaugirard on the north side and is nearly 300 feet in length, has undergone many restorations, it still reveals the original design. Before the Revolution the Palace was inhabited by various princes and princesses. It was, however, converted into a prison under the Convention, and here were confined many famous victims, among them the Viscomte de Beauharnais, and the Viscomtesse Josephine, afterwards Empress of the

French; Hébert, David Danton, and Camille Desmoulins, who but a couple of years before had brought into the gardens, his wife, and their infant son, to sleep underneath the chestnut trees. In 1795 the Luxembourg became the Palace Directorial; then, in 1799, the Palais du Consulate, which it remained until Bonaparte made the Tuileries his palace in 1800.

After 1815 the Luxembourg was occupied by the Chamber of Peers; then during the reign of Napoleon III by the Senate, and since 1879 it has been the seat of the latter body, and officially is known as the Palais du Sénat.

When passing through the galleries of the Luxembourg it is difficult to realise that it was once a prison of sinister memories, from which many famous Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, not alone of the aristocratic class, went forth to die by the guillotine. The library possesses a series of fine paintings by Delacroix, 1847, depicting scenes from Dante's *Inferno*. The Salle des Séances is a handsome chamber containing 300 seats for the senators, and about a thousand for the public; on the one side of the President's seat is a painting by Blondel, the Peers offering the crown to Philippe le Long; and on the other side one of the Estates of Tours conferring on Louis XII the title of Father of the People. The buffet, or restaurant-room, has an interest from the fact that it was formerly the bedroom and gilded room of Marie de Médicis. Nowadays it contains some interesting paintings, among them Cardinal Richelieu and Louis XIII by Cabanel; Achille de Harlay rejecting the proposals of the Duke de Guise; and St. Louis by H. Flandrin.

The Salle des Pas-Perdus or des Conférences was formerly the throne room, and is handsomely decorated in the style of Louis XIV; the beautiful chimney-piece, which is modern, stands where the throne was formerly placed. On one of the panels is Daphne in Gobelins tapestry, after Albert Maignan. On the Escalier

d'Honneur are twelve Gobelins and Beauvais tapestries of great interest. The Grand Gallery in the east wing is that for which Rubens painted his series of scenes from the life of Marie de Médicis, some of which are to-day in the Galleries of the Louvre. The western portion of the Palace, known as the Petit Luxembourg, was originally the residence of Richelieu in 1622, and is now that of the President of the Senate.

The Musée du Luxembourg is a collection of works of contemporary artists, consisting chiefly of paintings and sculptures, and is placed in the former orangery. It is only right to say that the collection is constantly changing, so that it is impossible to indicate any particular picture, especially worth seeing, as it may have been removed. But it may be stated that pictures in the Luxembourg are always worth seeing, and generally those assembled together give one a very good opportunity of studying the present day and immediately past tendencies of modern French art. What one has to bear in mind in visiting the Luxembourg collection is that the works of art there displayed invariably represent what the Committee, appointed by the Government, consider to be the best and most characteristic work of the leading artists of the present generation. The Committee consists of some of the best, the soundest, and the most catholic-minded of French art authorities. One of the most interesting sections of the collection is that devoted to the impressionist painters, in which are some fine canvases by Manet, Sisley, Renoir, Pissarro, Monet, and others. Pictures by foreign artists are often bought by the French Government and placed in the Luxembourg ; but most of these have been transferred to the Musée du Jeu-de-Paume, in the Tuileries Gardens, a building formerly the old tennis-court of the palace. In this collection it may be mentioned are some fine examples of Whistler, including the famous portrait of his mother, Watts, Walter Gay, Sargent, Zuloaga, and others.

Public Buildings & Museums

Perhaps one of the most famous sights in Paris with French people, and one that arouses most national sentiment, is that of the Invalides, which is reached from the Place de la Concorde along the Cour la Reine, and over the beautiful modern Pont Alexandre III, called after the Tsar of Russia of that name. Very few buildings or places in Paris rival the beauty and impressiveness of a certain type of that which surrounds Napoleon's tomb. Certainly nothing excels for the Frenchman the thrill which an approach to the last resting-place of the great Emperor and national hero is capable of creating. Even the most phlegmatic of mortals, we imagine, cannot fail to be strangely moved as he stands gazing down at the tomb which holds all that remains of the great Napoleon, underneath the great dome of the building. The broad Esplanade des Invalides dates from the early days of the eighteenth century, and it used to be adorned by a fountain where, in 1804, Napoleon placed the much-venerated winged lion of St. Mark that he had brought away from Venice in 1797.

Somehow it does not seem to matter very much, as one stands in the Invalides looking down at the porphyry sarcophagus, which lies in a circular crypt almost invariably flooded by a seemingly supernatural radiance, who erected the building, or even what is the history of it, but one must perhaps mention that it was the second or auxiliary church to that of the Hôtel des Invalides, the oldest institution of its kind, founded by Louis XIV, and built in 1670–75. It was originally used as an Église Royale, where the King and his Court attended Divine service. The church is a square building 190 feet in breadth, surmounted by a circular tower having twelve windows, and a lofty dome above which rise a lantern and a cross, the latter 344 feet above the level of the pavement. The dome, which was completed in 1735, is partly gilded, and is embellished with reliefs of military trophies. Beneath the dome lies the open circular crypt in which

LE LAPIN AGILE.

An old-time café restaurant in a cottage up on Montmartre, once the resort of robbers and desperate characters.

is the tomb of Napoleon, around which, raised a little above the ambulatory that unites them, are round chapels, and in the apses on the right and left are the tombs of the marshals of Louis XIV, Turenne, and Vauban, the great military engineer.

Napoleon's tomb was constructed in 1843–53 from designs by Visconti the younger. The sarcophagus lies in the centre of the open circular crypt, 20 feet in depth and 36 feet in diameter. Napoleon was born at Ajaccio in 1769, and died at St. Helena in 1821. It was not until nearly twenty years afterwards that his remains were brought to Paris, and deposited in the hollow of a single block of Siberian porphyry, 13 feet in length, and 6 feet 6 inches in width, with a depth of 14 feet 6 inches. Twelve colossal figures by Pradier surround the crypt, symbolising the chief victories of Napoleon, and there are six trophies, consisting of sixty flags captured in battle. The entrance to the crypt, at the back of the high altar, is flanked by two immense bronze statues by Duret, one bearing a globe, and the other a sceptre and crown. Above the entrance is a sentence from Napoleon's will which runs, "I desire that my ashes shall repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so much." (*Trans.*) On the other side are two sarcophagi of Duroc (1772–1813), and Bertrand (1773–1814), the Emperor's faithful friends. In the round chapels are the sarcophagi of members of Napoleon's family, including Joseph Bonaparte (1768–1884), King of Spain; Jerome Bonaparte (1784–1860), King of Westphalia, and a smaller sarcophagus with the ashes of his eldest son, and another in which the heart of his wife is preserved. One should not fail to see the Church of St. Louis behind the dome, and the St. Helena souvenirs which are in the Napoleon chapel.

In the Court of Honour are the trophies and other memorials of the Great War, including the Gothas brought down, the restaurant car in which the Armistice

terms were signed, and other objects. In the Museums of the Invalides there is much to see, including the Napoleon relics, the world-famous Ace Guynemer's plane, and many other interesting things. In a glass-case in the Salle Guynemer there is laconic and matter-of-fact report which the Ace made out for his commanding officer, relating to his thrilling and wonderful feats and victories in the air, and also one of the aviator's buttons, in which were concealed a tiny compass, and a tightly folded miniature map.

As one leaves the Court of Honour one should certainly look northward, and enjoy the magnificent panoramic view along the Esplanade, across the river, and up the Avenue Gabrielle.

Most visitors to Paris manage to see something of the great Musée du Louvre and the Luxembourg ; but comparatively few, we have found, know much of the smaller museums which are so intriguing, and, indeed, so well worth seeing. One of these that should certainly not be missed is the Musée Carnavalet, which can be easily reached by the Métro to St. Paul Station, which stands on the corner of the intersection of the Rue des Francs Bourgeois with the Rue de Sévigné, the latter named after Madame de Sévigné, who occupied for a period of some twenty years the seventeenth-century mansion which is now the Musée.

This ancient hotel is a most charmingly arranged museum where many important works of art and curiosities relating to the history of Paris have been collected together. Over the entrance in the courtyard are some fine carvings, and also in the Court d'Honneur, which are attributable to Jean Goujon. In the house itself Madame de Sévigné wrote many of her letters, which are alike among the greatest examples of epistolary literature, and also afford some of the most vivid pictures of Court life as it was in the reign of Louis XIV. The Museum is very rich, but perhaps the most interesting things

are the apartments of Madame herself, including the Galerie des Échevins ; the Salon Sévigné ; the reception room of Madame Sévigné, containing her portrait and that of her daughter ; the Petit Salle ; the Salle des Boiseries, with its delightful woodwork ; Salle des Grisailles, containing fine drawings by Watteau and a pastel by Boucher ; the Salle Voltaire ; the boudoir Rococo, which seems to preserve at least some of the atmosphere of the gorgeous period in which Madame Sévigné lived ; and the particularly interesting Salle de l'Aérostation with its many eighteenth-century engravings depicting the first attempts at ballooning.

On the first floor the Salle Louis XVI, with its fans, furniture, and relics of the Royal Family's imprisonment in the Temple, the Salle de la Bastille, containing paintings of the fortress, its keys, and souvenirs of famous prisoners confined there cannot fail to interest.

Beyond the Grande Galerie, in which is a wonderful collection of views of the city of Paris of many periods, other rooms are found reconstructed from ancient houses pulled down to make way for more modern streets in different parts of the city. This Marais district, in which the Carnavalet Museum stands, is one of the most interesting and historic of Paris, every street has its romantic story, and the Marais was once, of course, one of the aristocratic residential quarters of Paris now given over by the westward trend of leisured life almost entirely to commerce and industry. While in this neighbourhood one should go to No. 11, Rue de Sévigné, where there is a fragment of the old prison of La Force, which played such a prominent part in revolutionary history, where the Princesse de Lamballe was murdered on Sunday, September 2nd, 1792, and where Madame du Barry was imprisoned until her removal to the Conciergerie.

On the other side of the river, between the Pont des Arts and Pont du Carrousel up the Rue Bonaparte,

stands the famous École des Beaux-Arts, known to thousands of British and Americans who have studied art in Paris. It contains a large number of reproductions of works which won for the fortunate students in painting, sculpture, architecture, or engraving one of the much-coveted Prixs de Rome. There is little otherwise of interest in the bare halls and passages, and the vast ateliers; but in the immediate neighbourhood are the *quais* along the Seine, with the many stalls of second-hand books, engravings, and derelict pictures which give to this corner of the riverside a character all its own.

On this side of the river are also the Institut de France, close to the Pont des Arts; its dome a landmark along the waterside of Paris. The Institut is composed of five Académies, the Beaux-Arts, Sciences Morales et Politiques, Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, Science, and the Académie Française. To be a member of anyone of these is held to be one of the highest honours within the reach of a Frenchman in the field of Science, Art, or Letters.

The most famous of the five Académies is undoubtedly the Académie Française, which is claimed to represent the highest intellectual life of the nation. There are only forty members or Academicians, and when a vacancy has to be filled the names and chances of the different candidates are as warmly debated and canvassed as those of horses entered for the Grand Prix! The Institut stands on the historic site of the notorious Tour de Nesle, in which, according to a medieval legend, one of the French queens of that period used to entertain and murder her many lovers, whose bodies were cast from the top of the tower into the Seine, which at that time flowed close to its foundations.

The Sorbonne is best reached by the Rue St. Jacques running up towards the Luxembourg region from opposite the Petit Pont which connects the Île de la Cité with the western bank of the Seine. The Sorbonne

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

THE CHURCH OF ST. ÉTIENNE DU MONT

The glorious carving of the seventeenth-century choir-screen and staircases, and the fine sixteenth-century stained glass are the leading features of this church.

possesses a fine modern façade and is the seat of the University of Paris, several of the special sections of which—for example, the École des Médecine and the École de Droit have separate buildings close by, but all the official ceremonies of the University take place at the Sorbonne, which contains the offices of the rector and officials.

The foundations of the Sorbonne as an Institution date from the days of St. Louis in the thirteenth century, but it was Richelieu who gave it its present standing and importance; and he is buried in the chapel which comprises the only old part of the present structure.

Many of the lectures are open to the public. The Great Hall or Amphitheatre is worth a visit, if only for the sake of the wonderful mural painting of Puvis de Chavannes, entitled "The Sacred Grove." In the cloister-like courtyard, which forms the centre of the building, and in many of the lecture-rooms are statues and paintings of great interest by famous artists. Approximately the number of the students at the present time is 13,000, of which some 500 or more are women.

At the rear of the Sorbonne is the College de France, founded in 1530 by Francis I, entirely rebuilt in 1611, and restored and added to in 1831–42. Its teaching covers every branch of science.

The Panthéon, an imposing building in the form of a Greek cross, 570 feet in length, and 276 feet in breadth, is further up the slope of the Rue St. Jacques, on the Place du Panthéon, and the domed building, with its Corinthian portico, has seen many changes. Louis XV built it as a church, but at the time of the Revolution it was secularised and converted into a Temple of Fame. Napoleon gave it back to religious uses, but Louis Philippe once more returned it to the nation. It was again made into a church by Napoleon III, and solemnly dedicated to Sainte Geneviève, the Patron Saint of Paris, whose shrine is in St. Étienne duMont, not far

away. The Third Republic again secularised the building and returned it to its rôle of a Temple of Fame, in which lie buried amongst others Victor Hugo, Voltaire, Zola, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Berthelot the chemist, and La Tour d'Auvergne, who was known as the first Grenadier of France (1743–1800), and many other great men in all walks of life.

The interior of the building gives one an impression of its chequered career, for there are many signs of a lack of unity. No one should miss the series of mural paintings illustrative of the life of St. Geneviève by Puvis de Chavannes, which are in the right aisle and on the left of the choir. It is interesting to note that the site on which the Panthéon stands was known all through the Middle Ages as the "Montagne de St. Geneviève."

Paris is fortunate in its possession of the second largest library in the world, only being exceeded by that of the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale, which is easily reached along the Rue Richelieu, or through the pleasant gardens of the Palais Royal. The building was once the residence of Cardinal Mazarin, who for many years, during the minority of Louis XIV, was the actual ruler of France. The library now contains upwards of 3,600,000 books, 110,000 MSS., 2,500,000 prints and engravings, and 300,000 maps and plans. Foreign students desiring to do research work in the Library are admitted by card of their Embassy, and the general public is allowed to visit certain parts of the collection. That of engravings contains some of the finest works in the world. On the first floor is one of the greatest treasures. In the first room, King Dagobert's throne, dating from the twelfth century; while in the second room one finds the celebrated gold cup known as the *Patère de Rennes;* the largest known cameos; and a cup of Chosroes II, King of the Persians, dating from the sixth century B.C. Among the most interesting treasures of this vast library are undoubtedly the autographs and

original manuscripts of many famous people, including Marie Stuart, Du Guesclin, Henry IV, Fenélon, Rousseau, Voltaire, Molière, Madame de Sévigné, and Madame de Maintenon. Among the most dramatic of the treasures, which will give an indication of its immense interest and importance, may be mentioned Nithard's *History* (tenth century), the oldest monument of the French language; a copy of the *Christianesimi Restitutio*, by Michael Servetus, which was saved from the flames when the author was burned at the stake in Geneva, in 1553, by order of Calvin; the *Acts of the Trial of Joan of Arc*; the *Divina Commedia* of Dante (fourteenth century); the so-called Cup of the Ptolemies, of Oriental sardonyx, with reliefs representing the mysteries of Ceres and Bacchus, from the treasury of the Convent of St. Denis; and many beautiful and ancient Roman art treasures.

The public reading-room is better lighted and more handsome and comfortably furnished than that of the British Museum, and is visited by at least 300 to 400 students daily for purposes of study and research.

There are, of course, many other public buildings in this great city of Paris, but these may be easily found by the fortunate visitors who have sufficient time to spare for further exploration of the city.

One must, however, not forget the Palais de Justice, upon the Île de la Cité, which latter is now connected with the northern and southern banks of the Seine by eight stone bridges. This centre of the city's legal life is most easily reached by the Place du Châtelet and the Pont au Change which, as its name indicates, was the centre of the banking and money-lending business during the Middle Ages. The Palais de Justice, with its façade dating from Louis XVI, as do also the beautiful iron railings of its courtyard, is a veritable labyrinth owing chiefly to the fact that it has been so often added to since the time of Robert the Pious and St. Louis down to the present century. As one French writer has said,

"A great part of the history of Paris and of France is contained within the ancient walls and foundations of the Palais de Justice." Here justice has been dealt out for 2000 years, under many different forms of government; but it is interesting to remember that the judges, who doubtless sat near this spot to administer the law during the Roman occupation, would have to-day little difficulty in trying cases. The present-day French Code Napoleon, as it is called, and other legislation which has replaced medieval jurisprudence, is founded very closely on the Roman codes of Augustus and the Institute of Gaius and Justinian.

One cannot enter the Palais de Justice without some feeling of awe when one remembers the tragedies of life and death which have been associated with this and its succession of buildings throughout the ages. Little survives, however, of the ancient Palais de Justice, but the old clock in the corner tower, bearing the name of the Tour de l'Horloge, is probably the oldest public clock in France, for it was placed there by Charles V in 1370. One should note, as one enters, the Palace by way of the Cour d'Honneur, at the foot of the main staircase, a short flight of steps on the right. These steps at the time of the Revolution led to the cells of the prison of the Conciergerie, and were trodden by hundreds of victims of the Revolutionary Tribunal, which latter held its sessions in the hall known as the Chambre Dorée.

One of the most interesting rooms in the building is the vast chamber, with the intriguing name of the Salle des Pas-Perdus, or Hall of the Lost Footsteps. Once a meeting-place for loungers and people of fashion who came here to gossip, hear the news of the day, and inspect the books displayed on the stalls that stood round the pillars; it is, nowadays, the animated meeting-place, when the Courts are sitting, from about 11 a.m. till 4 p.m., for lawyers in their robes, the clients and the witnesses waiting for the various cases to be called. It

LE MOULIN DE LA GALETTE

This is the last of the many windmills which used in ancient times to crown Montmartre. In late years it was a great dancing resort.

was in this chamber, too, that in the Middle Ages the quaint miracle plays were performed, as described by Victor Hugo in *Notre Dame de Paris*.

All the Courts are open to the public, and it is well worth attending the Cour d'Assises, or Criminal Court, and Cour de Cassation, or Supreme Court of Appeal, to hear the often eloquent and even fiery speeches of the French barristers, and their devastating cross-examination of the witnesses.

The Chambre Dorée is entered at the north-west corner of the Salle de Pas-Perdue. It has wonderfully rich decorations, dating from the seventeenth century, and has witnessed several of the most dramatic scenes in French history. Here Louis XIV, when the judges questioned his right to interfere in a certain matter, exclaimed, "L'État c'est moi!" ("I am the State!"), and told them to interpret the law to suit his convenience. Within the walls of this room took place the trial and condemnation of Marie Antoinette, and here also were tried, convicted, and sentenced to death many of the greatest nobles of France who remained faithful to the King.

The Conciergerie, on the Quai de l'Horloge, with its grim towers, never fails to arouse the curiosity of the visitor to Paris, although it has little of interest to show save the cells occupied by Marie Antoinette, which have been converted into a memorial chapel, and those in which Robespierre and the Girondists were confined.

In this part of Paris and all along the quays which surround the ancient Île de la Cité one is in touch with much of the history of Paris in the past. The Pont Neuf, at the western end of the island, on which the statue of Henry IV, who was so popular with the Parisians chiefly because of his witty tongue and lax morals, stands, and its neighbourhood was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the resort of the many strolling players who came to Paris and set up their outdoor theatres and

shows at the ends of the bridge, which was then covered with houses entirely hiding any view of the river. The scene in these far-off days must have been a lively and wonderful one with the jugglers and wandering musicians, quacks of all kinds recommending their wares in strident and raucous voices while the ever-available crowd thronged the narrow sidewalks overflowing in the roadways and crowding the open spaces.

The Hôtel Dieu, on the Place du Parvis Notre Dame, is well worth visiting, and it is interesting to know that it has been devoted to the purpose of caring for sick Parisians unbrokenly since its foundation in the seventh century. It was originally a nunnery and afterwards an asylum for pilgrims. This vast hospital, erected in 1868–78 by Diet, has nearly a thousand beds, and is wonderfully fitted up with all the most modern appliances and has three chairs of medicine attached to it.

One must not omit a reference to the Petit Palais near the Rond Point des Champs Élysées, in which are gathered together in one of the finest modern buildings of Paris the various collections of the City of Paris. These include many admirable pictures of the nineteenth century, some of them more truly representative of the Art tendencies of that period than those of the better known Luxembourg Museum. The Petit Palais contains too much of interest and importance for it to be overlooked by any lover of modern art.

CHAPTER VI

PARIS AMUSEMENTS, THEATRES, MUSIC-HALLS AND CABARETS, AND THE LATIN QUARTER

The Odéon and Théâtre Français—The Palais Royal—Grand Guignol—Folies Bérgere—Olympia—Casino de Paris—Moulin Rouge—Restaurant des Ambassadeurs—Cinemas—Circuses—Cabarets of Montmartre—Chat Noir and its Successors—Montparnasse and its Resorts—The Quartier Latin and its Inhabitants.

PARIS is essentially a city of amusement. Its theatres, music-halls, and cabarets play a very important part in the lives of its inhabitants, and those of the crowds of tourists who come to the French capital.

But Paris of all cities is more subject to change both in the fashion and nature of some of its night attractions than most, so that it is only safe to generalise in dealing with the subject. The visitor to-day may discover an exotic, interesting, and clever little show in some out-of-the-way street, or up on Montmartre, which, if he tells a friend, who is going to Paris, to be sure not to miss, may be something that has passed away before the friend can sample its witty or spectacular delights.

It may be safely asserted that at the present time serious drama is neither popular, nor adequately represented upon the Parisian stage. One finds both in dramas and comedies the ever-recurrent problem of "the eternal triangle" delicately or crudely handled according to the locality of the theatre, the demands of the audience, and the ability of the actors and actresses. But the acting itself is less a manifestation of the art of the actor than the interpretation of a very obvious phase of Parisian life.

Paris Amusements

After a fairly wide experience of French theatres one comes to the conclusion that the scope of the Parisian actor and actress is far less wide, as regards their ability to represent character, than that of players of most other nations. No doubt this fact may be held partly to account for the surprising lack of originality in their plots of most of the French playwrights, which, indeed, seldom show freshness of idea in the main theme.

To gain some knowledge of the French theatre at its best one cannot do better than visit once or twice the famous Odéon Theatre, where one is always sure of finding a play by the best of French and foreign playwrights adequately staged and well presented. And the same may also be said of the Théâtre Français or Comédie Française, where the classical drama is represented by actors and actresses who are at the head of their profession; although these sometimes appear overweighted by tradition, and fail to impart into their reading of the character individuality and imagination.

The Palais Royal may be described as the home of farce in Paris; and possibly because farce is more easily understood than any other form of play, if one's knowledge of the language is deficient, this theatre is as well known as any other to English visitors, and is particularly well patronised by those who come to Paris chiefly to be amused.

Then there is the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, in the Avenue Montaigne, where one can always see the best plays acted by well-trained and competent if not brilliantly original actors and actresses; but one would not be altogether surprised if this theatre should be commercialised and given over to revues. The Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, where the plays made famous by the great French actress are the chief repertoire is worth visiting. For those whose taste runs to drama or at least to productions somewhat on the lines of those associated in the mind with the Lyceum and Drury Lane, there is the

Photo: Underwood Press Service *London*

THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE

Standing at the top of the slope of the Avenue des Champs Élysées it is a prominent landmark. It is the largest in existence, and was begun by Napoleon I to commemorate his victories in 1805–6, and finished by Louis Philippe in 1836. It is 162 feet high, 147 feet wide, and 73 feet deep. Beneath it is buried the Unknown Warrior of France.

Châtelet Théâtre, in the Place du Châtelet, which puts on spectacular dramas, pantomimes, and great ballets.

Then there is the new Théâtre de la Madeleine, in the Rue de Surène, one of the most charming and best ventilated in Paris, where one has plays that count.

Among the smaller theatres of note is the Grand Guignol, the general character of which has been familiarised to English people by the performances of some of its plays at the Little Theatre in London. The Grand Guignol is a tiny theatre where horrors, thrills, and laughter may be found in one short evening, but the plays represented deal chiefly with unpleasant subjects, and its effects physical and mental and are certainly not for the nervously constituted playgoer. The acting there is generally very fine, and for this reason the strong nerved may well devote an evening to it.

Everyone, of course, goes to the Opéra or the Opéra Comique at least once during their visits to Paris. At the Opéra the works are put on in a lavish scale, and the singing is good, if not so good as it was in pre-War days in some other capitals in Europe.

The music-halls play an important part in the Parisian amusement world; and, perhaps, they may be best divided into three classes. First, those representing spectacular revues such as are nowadays seen in London, but usually more witty and brightly acted; secondly, the halls devoted to vaudeville or variety entertainments; and, thirdly, the smaller halls, at which one finds very witty, often improper, topical, and essentially French revues, which on account of the prevalence of slang in the dialogue it is difficult even for a person speaking and understanding French passably well closely to follow and appreciate.

In the first class may be placed the Alhambra and Olympia, which are certainly the best known. The entertainments are generally quite average, except when some world-famous star "tops the bill," and incidentally

lowers the standard of effectiveness of all other performers. One can, however, study character at these vast places of entertainment, which are frequented by all classes of Parisians as well as very largely by provincials and the cosmopolitan crowd of visitors thronging Paris during the holiday months.

Then there is a group of theatres or music-halls which have a world-wide reputation for the lavishness of their spectacles, the sparkle of their "beauty chorus," and the gaiety and risqueness for which their shows are generally distinguished.

Of these the Folies Bergère is perhaps the best known, and the most patronised by tourists. Except that it caters particularly for this class of audience it has not much to recommend it for its French scenes, which would have a certain interest, are cut down to a minimum, and the English element of the programme is usually of very ordinary music-hall character. The inexperienced English or American visitor, too, may find his or her visit to the Folies Bergère work out very expensively if they listen to the blandishments of the cloak-room attendants, and those of the sellers of chocolates, cigarettes, and bouquets. The company is very "mixed," and the place is not well ventilated or very attractive.

The Casino de Paris, in the Rue de Clichy, is a magnificent music-hall, and usually the performance is an artistic one, distinguished for its lavish beauty of production, and its "snap." A feature of this hall is the care with which the performance is cast with a view to permitting even those who do not understand French very well to gain some idea of what it is all about.

The Moulin Rouge, recently reconstructed and known all over the world, has had many vicissitudes. A quarter of a century ago it was chiefly patronised by students, tourists, and inhabitants of Montmartre, and almost entirely devoted to the purposes of a vast dance hall. Annually it was the scenes of the famous Quat'z-Arts

Ball, held by the students of the various *ateliers* or Art Schools, which function has been more than once caused considerable trouble to Prêfet de Police, owing to the often riotous spirits of the artists, students, and models attending it, and their laxity as regards costumes.

Tickets for this ball are eagerly sought by American and English tourists, but seldom obtained ; and when obtained more often than not are useless, so strict is the enquiry into the *bona fides* of the holders who, according to the rules, have to be students or artists attached to some well-known *atelier*. Nowadays the new Moulin Rouge on the Boulevard de Clichy is undoubtedly one of the finest music-halls in Europe, usually staging a bright and lavish revue, and after the show is over becoming a vast dancing hall.

The Concert Mayol, established in recent years, is particularly Parisian in form and sentiment, and less likely therefore, to please and interest the average English and American tourist.

In summer the famous Restaurant des Ambassadeurs in the Champs Élysées provides a pleasant place in which to spend a fine evening in the open air, and one can dine there comfortably—if somewhat expensively—before witnessing the show.

Much has been said and written in criticism of the licence generally prevailing in the Parisian music-halls, and it must be admitted that many of the shows need to be judged from a French standard of art and morals rather than an English.

The third class of entertainments provided by the small French music-halls do not make any attempt to cater for the foreign visitor who would generally fail, indeed, to understand most of the dialogue and allusions in the revues which are staged, and for this lack would find little compensation, as the "spectacles," and the manner in which the revues are put on are of a very elementary character. Some of these little places, like

"L'Abri," an underground theatre in the Rue Montmartre, greatly patronised during the War, when Paris was being bombed and shelled, because of the security it offered plus an amusing entertainment, is perhaps one of the best of its kind; but probably most English visitors would find the show dull, because it is so essentially Parisian in spirit and Gallic in its wit.

The finest cinema halls are found on the Grands Boulevards in the district lying between the Madeleine and the Faubourg Montmartre. These, while undoubtedly giving good entertainments, and showing some fine pictures, do not, we think, compare altogether favourably with those of London and New York. The Colisée in the Avenue des Champs Élysées is one of the best. The Gaumont Palace, Boulevard de Clichy, is the largest of all at the time of writing. There the programme frequently offers other attractions in the form of ballets, etc. There are also the Marivaux and the Madeleine. One feature in regard to the cinemas peculiar to Paris is that they do not have two changes of programme each week, but more often than not only change it once a fortnight, even though the film is a poor one. And some films, carrying a high rental, have been known to run for two or three months on end. In this they differ from similar places of entertainment in London.

The circus plays a much more important part in the amusements of the Parisians than it does in any other city. In Paris the circus is attended by people of all classes, and of all ages from the prattling baby who is highly amused by the antics of the performing animals and the often extremely clever French clowns, to the white-haired grandfather, who does not make any pretence that the reason of his visiting the circus is for the sake of the children! He frankly admits that he enjoys it, and is amused by the entertainment provided.

There are four big permanent circuses in Paris: the

Cirque d'Hiver, the Cirque de Paris, the Cirque Nouveau, and the Cirque Médrano. In addition to these one can always find the amusing and interesting travelling circus —usually thronged to suffocation—at the various fairs held on the outer boulevards and in the suburbs of Paris at various times during the year. Unfortunately for the lovers of circuses those in Paris we have named are closed during the two great tourist months of August and September.

The circus in Paris is one of the most interesting, and, indeed, perfectly produced entertainments that the city has to offer. After a fairly wide experience of Parisian music-halls, theatres, and entertainments generally one cannot fail to admit that most Parisian entertainments of whatever character have a strong sexual bias; this is true of the plots of most plays, the motives of most revues, and pervades not only the serious drama, musical comedy, and farce, but also many of the cinema films. The circus is entirely free from this often nauseating feature, and possibly for that reason attracts such packed audiences in search of something different.

The circus entertainment in Paris is a great deal more artistic and well thought-out production than anything of the kind in England, and the high place it occupies in the hearts of the Parisians as an artistic performance is easily realised when one sees the catholic character of the audience one finds. The circus, too, plays a great part in the literature of Paris; poems, plays, novels, and short stories galore have been written about and around it, and if one looks carefully one can often see an artist making rapid sketches either from his seat, or, if privileged, from some safe corner of the ring itself.

The circus clown has in Paris an almost unequalled and certainly unsurpassed public fame. Who, indeed, has not in past years laughed, nay, almost cried, at the antics of Boum-Boum, Chocolat, and Auguste. They are, if clever as the Fratellini brothers or Grock, the

idols of Paris. If one of them should die it is safe to say that the circus at which they perform would be literally overwhelmed with the most magnificent chaplets of palms, tributes of real flowers, wreaths of immortelles, and hundreds of little bunches of flowers from humbler admirers. The French clown in a word is an artist, and although most of the circus performers are excellent of their kind, including the smiling lady equestrians, strong men, trapeze performers, trainers of wild animals, and others, it is the clown who makes the show.

For many years Montmartre has been the district in Paris associated in the minds of at least tourists with all that is gay, romantic, and in a measure *risqué*. The Hill of Martyrs, indeed, has acted as a lodestone of attraction to all foreign visitors to Paris for at least three generations, who have thought that by ascending the heights, and exploring the tortuous streets of that district, they might delve beneath the surface of Parisian life of the underworld, and find fresh experiences and sensations in its feverish and often overrated pleasures. Thus it is that the foreigner visiting Paris sooner or later finds his way up on to the Boulevard de Clichy along which and in the contiguous streets of which some of the most famous of the so-called Bohemian resorts are to be found. Those visitors to Paris, however, who have gained their ideas of Montmartre from the romances of a quarter of a century ago will not find quite the same atmosphere as prevailed in those seemingly far-off days.

Much of the artistic element has vanished. Perhaps the denizens of Montmartre, the poets, artists, students, and *grisettes* who figured in those novels, stories, and poems of long ago have become sophisticated. Or perhaps the change arises from the fact that the old-time "go-as-you-please" cabarets of the Aristide Bruant type have been gradually commercialised. Be this as it may, Montmartre of, say, thirty years ago was, in many respects, very unlike Montmartre of the present.

Paris Amusements

Montmartre to-day might, indeed, almost be called, outwardly at all events, respectable, and underneath the surface there is far more that is dull and sordid than gay and perhaps a little attractively wicked. Nevertheless, if one can really get to know Montmartre—which few tourists can ever hope to do in the time at their disposal—there is something fascinating about it still, and even just a faint odour of romance remaining.

Indeed, there are two distinct Montmartres. The first an area of over-sophisticated, garish cabarets, the entertainments in which are provided obviously with an eye to the patronage of English and American tourists, and entirely lack the Gallic spirit, and the *bon camaraderie* of the true Bohemians. These are distinguishable chiefly for American and English menus, bars, and the well-dressed people who flock up from the Grands Boulevards and frequent them in search of the exotic which does not exist.

The second Montmartre, or real Montmartre, is the quarter of gaiety and irresponsibility that existed when and before Du Maurier wrote *Trilby*. The quarter frequented and beloved by French artists and poets, and where may still be found some trace of the good and old established dance halls and genuine cabarets of Paris.

Montmartre in the early days of the nineteenth century, and, indeed, less than seventy years ago, was a rural suburb of Paris chiefly known for its active windmills—which have long ago disappeared—its vineyards and gypsum quarries from which the noted plaster of Paris was made. It was even surrounded by a high wall which cut it off from Paris, and within which were chiefly cottages and small fields in which in those days cattle grazed. Montmartre became officially a portion of Paris as recently as 1860; even then and for some years afterwards it was not looked upon as a pleasure centre, and certainly not as a night resort.

All the Parisians proper knew of it, was, indeed, as

a place where they could spend their fine Sunday afternoons on grassy slopes, with an incomparably fine prospect of their beautiful city spread out below them.

It was not until about 1882 that the first of the cabarets known as the "Chat Noir" was founded by Rudolphe Salis on the *Butte* or hill, and the history of Montmartre as a pleasure centre may be said to date from about that time. For years Montmartre remained a centre of Bohemian revelry frequented by artists and poets, who had many of them migrated from the other side of the river. It was little visited by the average tourist, who seldom, indeed, ventured into districts so little known, and so essentially French in character.

In the years which immediately followed the establishment of the "Chat Noir" cabarets of a similar kind sprang up in every direction. First there came Aristide Bruant, with his famous cellar-like establishment; then the Quat'z-Arts, with its notable wall paintings by artists, many of whom have since become famous; the little "Lapin Agile," with its thatched roof; the Abbaye Thélème; the "Rat Mort," and a host of others.

These at first were exclusively the possession of poets, painters, their friends and their models; but in time the Parisians—in contradistinction to the Montmatrois, or established inhabitants of the "Hill"—began to discover the existence of this portion of their capital, and to resort to the *Butte* in search of entertainment or adventure.

With the coming of the Parisians of all classes, of the tourists, foreign Grand Dukes, and conventional celebrities a sudden change came over the district. The old intellectual life—tempered though it was with gaiety, romance, and love—which took the shape of the reading of poems and plays, and the discussion of Art by writers, dramatists, and artists was replaced by a feverish form of gaiety which more and more became rather a means of living than an expression of a personal enjoyment. Poets, artists, philosophers, and those strange beings

who seemed to drift through life meaning to do great things which they never accomplished, were gradually driven from their haunts, and the artistic life of Montmartre gradually decayed, and was superseded by a life of feverish pleasure in which Folly reigned, and did much to obtain for the *Butte* its evil reputation.

At the end of the last century Montmartre had, perhaps, reached its high-water mark as a pleasure resort. Dance halls had sprung up, and those already existing had been extended and made more conventional. The Moulin de la Galette was built on the site of two of the old windmills, and took the place of the less sophisticated dance hall, originally a barn owned by a miller who ground his corn in the mills, and who at first had been in the habit of inviting friends to dance in the barn. Then came the Moulin Rouge, taking the place of one of the earliest dance halls in Paris, popular with working girls and known as La Reine Blanche; and La Boule Noire, eventually superseded by the music-hall now known as La Cigale.

Many a tragedy has been enacted either in or in connection with these dance halls; the frequenters of which in years gone by were only too apt to take the law into their own hands in the case of unfaithfulness or even less on the part of the men, women, and girls who at the time possessed their affections.

Many of these old-time resorts were not places to which it was entirely safe for the foreigner to go unescorted, and many an unwary tourist was attacked and robbed outside them as he left in the early hours of the morning, or was waylaid in the narrow, ill-lighted streets which he had to descend to get back to his hotel in the centre of Paris.

Across the river lies the true Latin Quarter of Paris depicted by Henri Murger in his famous *La Vie de Bohême*, and later by George du Maurier in *Trilby*, and a score or more of other writers since those days.

Paris Amusements

In no quarter of Paris have the changes of the last few years been more marked than in the district covered by the term Montparnasse. The Latin Quarter of Paris is not easy to define, but it may be roughly considered to comprise the area covered by the Boulevard St. Michel, or as it is usually called the Boul. Mich., and the Odéon quarter of the Boulevard Montparnasse from the Gare Montparnasse to the Place d'Observatoire.

One will not to-day find many of the "types" described by Murger and Du Maurier; and the descendants of those old types will not be found to have perpetuated the main characteristic and mental attitude which the Bohemians of the older school possessed; but to-day as ever the chief mark of distinction of the Latin Quarter is its freedom and its revolt against merely conventional ideas.

The spirit of inconsequent and spontaneous gaiety which once marked it out has very largely disappeared. It is possible that the War must be held largely responsible for this fact, and the greater seriousness which the increasing severity of the struggle for life has brought about.

In no place, perhaps, is this change brought more vividly home than to those who knew the Quarter, say, about a generation ago than at the once famous Bal Bullier on the Carrefour de l'Observatoire. There was a time, indeed, when it rivalled the Moulin Rouge in popularity; and was, in fact, the headquarters and rendezvous of all the young students of Montparnasse. The vast pillared hall, which one approaches from the street level down flights of steps, once re-echoed to the boisterously gay laughter of students and their models, whose dancing was often so vigorous and abandoned in character as to shock and astonish the many tourists who came to see it.

Nowadays, except on evenings when the place is taken over for a definite student's ball, the floor is occu-

pied not by frisky models and their student friends, but by staid and respectable *bourgeois*, who seem to have left all their high spirits, if they ever possessed any, in the *vestiaire*, or outside. Gone certainly is that spirit of irresponsible gaiety which once distinguished this famous students' resort. Since the War the Latin Quarter has been invaded by increasing numbers of Americans. Young poets, writers, painters, and sculptors have come literally in battalions. The Latin Quarter gives much to them, and also takes something in ideals and ideas from them.

If one wishes to gain a little insight into the Bohemia of to-day one cannot do better than to spend an evening at the Café du Dome, which is on the Boulevard Montparnasse at the point where that intersects with the Boulevard Raspail. It may justly claim to be the headquarters of the Bohemianism of the Latin Quarter, for not only may everybody who is anybody in the latter be met with here most days at some time between six in the evening and two in the morning, but many who have become famous drop in here for lunch about noon.

But one needs to have a friend who is well-acquainted with the life and personalities of the Quarter thoroughly to enjoy an evening at the Dome. The Dome is the café of all others, perhaps, to which most celebrities visiting Paris seem to gravitate sooner or later, and it would astonish the casual visitor to have a list placed before him of the famous people who have foregathered at the café during the previous three months.

One meets at the Dome many curious types who are doing strange things for a living. On one occasion a man who has trundled a wheelbarrow from Moscow to Paris en route for Madrid ; and on another a man who has undertaken a journey across Europe for a wager, starting without a penny in his pocket, and depending entirely upon the charitable for board and lodging. And we knew a student—since become a financially successful

artist—who added to a slender income by visiting the Dome, and other less well-known cafés, doing clever conjuring tricks. People of every nationality are to be seen within its cheerful walls, from a soldier of the Foreign Legion on leave to a Chinaman in native dress; and from a Russian Grand Duchess, now earning her living at a neighbouring café concert or cabaret, to a lady journalist doing Paris in a week.

Another café, the Rotonde, on the opposite side of the street, is worth a visit if only because a rather more obvious section of Latin Quarter Bohemia frequents it, and because there is at least the ghost of old-time irresponsible gaiety pervading the place. It is to-day more American than French. One meets with a different phase of Latin Quarter life on and around the Boul. Mich. The cafés of this world-famous thoroughfare are much more brilliantly lighted, and there is much more gaiety and noise—whether the gaiety be spontaneous or artificial—than in the cafés and restaurants of Montparnasse Bohemia.

Medical students all the world over are known for their high spirits and general rowdyism, and perhaps it is because the Boul. Mich. district is inhabited chiefly by the students of the Sorbonne, the École des Médecine, and the other sections of the Paris University that the restaurants of this quarter are so lively, sometimes riotous, and almost always amusing.

Saturday night is a great one on the Boulevard St. Michel, which is crowded by men and women students and their friends all intent on having a good time. The Café d'Harcourt is one of the headquarters of these lively souls, and, though not the wonderful place it once was, is worth visiting, if only for the opportunity of seeing the Parisian students enjoying themselves, and of realising what a great part they play in the life of this particular district.

Those who knew the Latin Quarter in the old days,

Photo: Yvon *Paris*

CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTIN

One of the most fashionable churches in Paris, placed on the fine Boulevard Malesherbes, St. Augustin's occupies an island site which gives it great prominence. Above the triple arched portal are statues of Christ and the Apostles.

with its struggles, romances, comedies, and tragedies, will, we fear, find it not only greatly changed, but peopled with ghosts of former days.

In Paris, as elsewhere, the old order changes, and, perhaps, indeed, nowhere more rapidly than in Paris, and the present generation of artists, musicians, poets, and students have, seemingly for one reason or another, become more conventional, less spontaneous, and less irresponsible than their predecessors. The changes which have taken place of recent times in the life and spirit of the Latin Quarter, or Rive Gauche, and are to-day most obvious, are due, we think, largely to the presence of such increasing numbers of Americans to which reference has already been made. They may be said to have annexed "the Quarter."

The Apache has figured much in French literature, in Grand Guignol playlets, and his or her doings have from time to time been recorded luridly in the columns of English newspapers.

It used to be the custom to speak of "the Apache Quarter of Paris"; by this Parisians usually understood the districts of the Temple and Villette. And if there is an Apache Quarter still in Paris it may be looked for in those rather squalid and unsavoury areas.

But no one should seek to explore the latter unaccompanied by someone who knows Paris well, and the ways of Parisians of all classes. There are few Apache haunts still left in Paris, for the type was rather a fashion, and the police took so little to it that they have to the best of their ability stamped it out.

The streets of this part of Paris are narrow and tortuous, in some one can scarcely see the stars above on a clear night, and only a narrow strip of sky in the daytime. The haunts of Apaches are generally in cellars, for they and their companions do not court either publicity, or as a rule welcome strangers. The Apache of the stage and he of real life have little in common,

except that they are both desperate characters, and possessors of a certain picturesqueness. Their women companions, who love gay colours and are distinguished by a coarse beauty and gracefulness, do not differ materially from many of the factory girls of the East End of London, and the corresponding Bowery area of New York except, perhaps, that they are more dramatically passionate, less moral, and more dirty.

Around that portion of social and geographical Paris, which may be aptly called "Studio Land," a halo of romance has hung from Murger's time to the present day. This Latin Quarter, which Du Maurier did something towards illuminating for Anglo-Saxon readers, has always possessed an attraction for even those whose explorations of Bohemian Paris go little deeper than a stroll along the Boulevard St. Michel, or a night on Montmartre.

There are still artists, the descendants of those pictured in the pages of *Trilby*, in the Latin Quarter.

The Rue St. Andre des Arts still exists, and *midinettes*, models, and students still make the district round about their own. And the Hôtel de Corneille, in which some of Du Maurier's characters lodged, is still to be found by the curious in the street of the same name near the Odéon. In the cafés one still hears all the news—of the Quarter.

In a little café, seldom discovered by the casual tourist, one will find gathered almost any night of the week such feminine types as Manon, who is the favourite model of a trio of notable painters, but whose good nature is such that she often sits on Sunday mornings for a clever young artist whose finances will not permit him to pay her more than a few francs. Then there is Mdlle. Bec-de-Gaz, who gained her nickname by her ability to kick off the gas globes in the little café, and destroy electric light bulbs in the same way in a more fashionable and brilliantly lighted resort. Mdlle. Vésuve, the heroine of many "affaires," some of them culminating in an

encounter with her rival armed with a hatpin. And the Susettes, Berthes, Maries, and Jeannes innumerable, with nicknames given them by their student friends, which hit off some personal peculiarity or refer to some episode in their often hectic careers.

The students, men and girls, who nowadays have to take courses at the Sorbonne, the Beaux-Arts, Julian's, or other *ateliers* will be up betimes, notwithstanding their late hours; but those who have their own studios will generally see midday approach ere stirring, unless urged by some fitful fever of work. Then, possibly, a model will be posed by eleven, and the painter will work feverishly—if the inspiration come—till it is time for a impromptu *déjeuner* in the studio or to adjourn to a neighbouring café restaurant.

There are many models to be found in the studio-land of Paris to-day, it is true. But there are not many perfect models, although one's older artist friends tell one that the standard of physical beauty has improved of late years, with the less constricting fashions prevailing, and the greater indulgence by girls in games and open-air life. But the famous models can still be reckoned upon the fingers of both hands. This has, indeed, always been so. These can make money, and sometimes live more than comfortably in tiny well-furnished flats *au premier*. The others ?—some can live, others scarcely even that. It is, indeed, for the great majority better for them to be a "calicot," or *fille de boutique*, with comparatively long hours and scant pay, than to be a model of the third class.

In this strange life of the Quarter there still remains something of the old order—or rather ought one to say disorder—left. For chaos in life is so much more interesting than the well-ordered existence prescribed by conventional ideas. And life in the Quarter is neither light nor dark but, indeed, a strange mixture of comedy and tragedy, and romance of a kind. Can it, indeed, be

otherwise, when it is realised that into its magic circle have come men and women from almost all parts of both hemispheres? Is it wonderful that in the seething life of often warring elements tragedy and comedy should exist side by side? The delicate comedy of affairs of the heart, with those tragic, volcanic finals which have their end in the turned on tap of a gas stove, or "Le But" (the Seine). Yet the savour of romance which even to-day hangs about the Latin Quarter acts as a drag-net to the four quarters of the globe.

In the neighbourhood of the Sorbonne, along the Boulevard Raspail, and in the Rue des Fourneaux are veritable nests of studios, tenanted by English and American men and girls, who have come to follow and learn art. They are mostly a happy crowd, working hopefully till some adverse influence of the Quarter creeps into their lives. On the stairs of these often ancient and tumbledown dwellings one meets those who nod, and say "Morning" or "Bon Jour" without previous introduction, and feminine fellow-lodgers in neat American "waists" or coloured painting smocks and workaday skirts, who smile, and may, if newcomers, ask one the exact value of a dollar in francs.

There are still charming out-of-the-way old-world nooks and crannies in the Quarter on Montparnasse. And occasionally, when strolling along a by-street one gazes through an archway, out of which has emerged an artist, colour-box and painting stool in hand, setting forth for the *quais*, or perhaps a morning's work in some museum or picture gallery, and discovers a delightful cobble-paved courtyard, with a fig-tree throwing charming shadows, leading to a block of studios reached by tiny stone stairways clinging to picturesque, weathered, and discoloured plaster walls.

Then there is the Cour du Dragon, that lies between the Rue de Rennes and Rue du Dragon, with its intriguing archway over which is a charming window, and a

fine wrought-iron circular balcony supported by a representation of the dragon which gives the name to the court. It is extremely picturesque and contains some of the oldest houses in this quarter of Paris, which are many of them occupied by metal workers.

And in many parts of this district, indeed, for those who have time to search for them, are picturesque viewpoints, and ancient survivals tempting the artist and the photographer alike.

Up on Montmartre many artists have settled, for studio-land of Paris is divided into two widely separated portions, the one perched up above the Seine on Montmartre, and the other situated on the slopes of Montparnasse. High on the *Butte* itself, the crest of which is 335 feet above the Seine, where the old, steeply winding streets which are left, seem sometimes to turn back upon their original courses, and in those narrow streets which seem as though they would topple over into the boulevard below them, are many time-worn houses—Alas ! gradually passing away—associated with the greatest traditions of French Art of the past. Studios once tenanted by artists whose names are world-famous are now occupied by painters of the present day ; and in the narrow old-time streets and alleys of the plateau, whose monotony of old age is broken here and there by oddly shaped and oddly placed gardens, one meets types which are met with nowhere else.

A cynical, smartly dressed Paris journalist once said "There are no prosperous artists to be seen on Montmartre." "Monsieur," replied a quiet-looking stranger who had overheard him, "one should not always judge men's brains or purses by their clothes."

Almost any day one may see at work on the *Butte*, in some half-lost byway like the Rue St. Vincent, tree-shaded and with its moss-grown wall which marks the boundary of a dwelling once the resort of kings, or Rue des Saules, men who can paint—men whose work bears

the stamp of genius, and sometimes the curious who stray along the less-frequented streets which cling to the skirts as well as the summit of the hill, and peep into gardens through hedges or creeper enshrouded iron fences, on hearing laughter and song, may catch sight of an artist, and his model posed in *plein air* in gossamer draperies, or less.

In the Rue St. Vincent, at its lower end stands "Le Lapin Agile," one of the quaint thatched cottages once so common on Montmartre, of recent years the resort of questionable characters, and once, it is said, where Henry IV stayed while besieging Paris.

Some of the older houses, to which their artist owners cling with real apprehension lest the remorseless hand of the builder of "blocks" or "flats" should have marked them for destruction, contain rooms beautiful with the art of bygone times; painted panels which may have known the influence of Watteau upon the minds which imagined their subjects, and the hands which mixed and used their now mellow and faded colours. The outer walls of these houses, stained and eroded by wind and weather, and sometimes creeper-grown, are a thousand times more beautiful than the white and staring faces of the flats across the way.

What comedies and tragedies the rooms within these ancient rain-washed and sun-baked walls have seen!

It is not, however, on the *Butte* alone that the latter-day Bohemians and artists of Montmartre dwell. And along the Boulevards Rochechouart and de Clichy and, in the streets bearing famous names which radiate from the Place Pigalle, are artists' haunts and artists' homes. Indeed, quite a number of the studios of famous painters are to be found hereabouts.

Around the fountain of the Place Pigalle often on Monday mornings one will find groups of models. In fact it is here a *marche des modeles* is held to which come artists in search of a type to suit their requirements.

Here are gathered together models of all sorts ; beautiful girls, who have perhaps only just recently left the prosaic life of the milliner's workroom, or some tiny bonnet shop of the neighbouring streets, for the more romantic occupation of the professional model ; Shylocks, who have sat for most of the famous painters of *genre ;* Elijahs, with long beards and mild patriarchal faces ; St. Johns and St. Peters, and the dark-skinned, handsome sons of Italy and Spain, who sit for " bravos," and swashbuckling soldiers of fortune in historical pictures such as the works of Dumas inspire.

Then there are Marys ; Venuses, some of them at night the " show " ladies in the revues at the cabarets or smaller theatres and music-halls ; Pysches, still timid of mien—some of them ; and supple, dark-skinned daughters of Andalusia. Almost all nationalities are represented, for there are negroes, Moors, Turks, Spaniards, and even Chinese and Japanese. And amongst them are children who sit for Cupids, beggar boys and girls, and infant Christs.

The artists scan them rather narrowly and critically, sizing up their various defects or excellencies, sometimes feeling the contour of limb, and examining the development of muscles as one would do if purchasing an animal. The models laugh, joke, frown or *blague* as the humour takes them.

On Mondays, too, on the Place Pigalle one sometimes also sees students in " peg tops," soft hats, and big bow ties, such as one associates with the days of " Trilby " and " Little Billee," who, too poor to hire a model make furtive and rapid sketches of the types they need. Sometimes the models object, and then the disappointed students, or artists whose funds have run too low to stand the cost of a model, turn away and climb up the steep and narrow streets in which they have their studios to try and make " the machine " get along without.

It is in these Art quarters that, along the boulevards and in the by-streets, one comes across those fascinating depots with their agglomeration of *objets d'art*, paintings, fabrics, old furniture, and odds and ends; the plunder of brokers' men from the studios of the indigent, or the wreckage of departed students.

Here one might weave a shelf of romances out of the stacks of canvases in all stages of use, from the first vague pencillings in charcoal down to those having some resemblance to a finished picture. What a gathering together of futile hopes, unsatisfied ideals, useless labour, and tragic endings of promising endeavours!

Novels and stories of the Latin Quarter are apt to depict only the romance—and usually leave the dark side unpainted.

Who would think it nowadays possible to live and study Art on the equivalent in francs of a pound to thirty shillings a week, and yet scores do so. But only those who know the Quarter well are fully aware of the terrible straits to which students are put; the heart-breaking shifts to which they are often driven—painting "pot-boilers" to enable them to live, and pictures in which they might take a pride, in pursuit of that fickle goddess Fame who is so often destined never to pass their way.

But in studio-land, where men and women students work side by side at the various semi-private Académies, or at the Beaux-Arts, there are some who are fortunate. In the Quarter are also studios tenanted by happy souls who find in Art and the comradeship which appertains thereto all that is beautiful in life. In these studios work is done which, if not epoch-making, is honest, and touched with the real instinct of what is highest and best in painting. And here models sit for pictures which are not destined merely to ornament the studio, or end their days amid the dust and dirt of dark corners with their faces turned to the wall; and after the pose there is a

pleasant time in which to chat, and discuss work done, and that yet to be accomplished.

Sometimes, too, there will be a studio tea—real tea made English fashion—to which those who have worked side by side at the Académie in the morning will come in good fellowship ; an oasis of social life amid the desert of hard work.

At such times the musical man and girl have their chance, and often from out the open window and across intervening roofs comes the sound of a homeland melody sung with the feeling which alien surroundings seem to inspire, or the soft wailing of a violin played by a sympathetic hand. Or perhaps it may be a banjo of some American student, or the "music" of an impromptu jazz band, which has displaced the *cornet-à-piston* of Murger's hero.

The *concierge* in his "rabbit hutch" down below smiles, and even sometimes whistles in tune, and mutters to himself, "It is better after all to sing than cry ; and Mademoiselle has a voice almost as good as that of Liane de Mersy at the "Chat qui Rit."

CHAPTER VII

THE CHURCHES OF PARIS

Notre Dame—The Madeleine—The Sacré Cœur—St. Pierre de Montmartre—Notre Dame des Victoires—St. Etienne-du-Mont—St. Germain-l'Auxerrois—St. Germain-des-Prés—St. Roch—St. Séverin—St. Sulpice—St. Augustine—La Sainte Chapelle.

PARIS is peculiarly rich in historic and magnificent churches, some of them dating back to very early periods, and others being good examples of the best types of more modern architecture.

It is only possible, of course, in a work of the scope of the present one to deal with the principal, and even these cannot be detailed as one would wish. For most people who visit Paris there is one great church above all others which attracts, interests, and draws like a magnet, and that is the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame on the eastern end of the Île de la Cité. One can see it best, perhaps, from across the river at a point near the Petit Pont on the Quai de Montebello, or from the Petit Pont itself. From this view-point one has an interesting foreground, and one gets a fine perspective of the twin towers and western façade of the beautiful building. Seen from the Place du Parvis Notre Dame, while the appearance of the Cathedral is impressive it is certainly not so pictorial.

This magnificent building, one of the finest of French cathedrals, was begun in 1163 on the site of a church of the fourth century. It was consecrated in 1182, but the nave was not completed until the thirteenth century had dawned; and the building as one sees it to-day dates almost entirely from the latter period. The founda-

Photo: Office Francais De Tourisme

NOTRE DAME FROM THE QUAI DE MONTEBELLO

The magnificent pile of Notre Dame is well seen from this viewpoint. The wonderful flying buttresses stand out clearly, and the beautiful architecture, twin towers, and minaret-like central spire are seen to great advantage.

tion-stone of the church was laid by the refugee Pope, Alexander III, who had fled from Italy to France. Originally it was intended to add spires to the twin towers, but this was never done, and nowadays the fact that the church is surrounded by lofty houses in place of the low buildings of medieval times has a good deal to do with the impression of being dwarfed that the building gives.

Fortunately, during the several periods of reconstruction which the church has undergone, most of the numerous sculptures of the exterior were left untouched; but during the Revolution some of the statues that seemed to the fanatical Revolutionaries to typify the monarchical idea, either earthly or celestial, were considerably injured. The defaced or removed statues were mostly those on the lower tiers within easy reach, and happily the great row of kings, which stands high up in a majestic gallery across the western façade, remain—except for the effect of time and weather—as when placed in position. The charming carvings on the western portal have also been spared.

In 1793, Notre Dame in common with other churches was converted into a "Temple of Reason," and the statue of the Virgin in the interior was replaced by one of Liberty with a Phrygian cap. A mound of earth was thrown up in the choir, on which burned the torch of Truth, and above which was erected a Greek Temple of Philosophy. In this was enthroned the figure of Reason, for which Maillard, a famous ballet dancer of that period, posed. She received in state the worship of her votaries, and the orgies for which the church was soon notorious led to it being closed in the following year. The year afterwards, in 1795, the Constitutional Catholics reopened it as a place of Divine worship, and seven years later it was definitely handed over to the orthodox Catholics.

It was gradually and lovingly restored by Lassus,

Viollet-le-Duc, and Boeswillwald in 1845. The façade, which is the finest part of the Cathedral and the earliest of its kind, has served as a model for those of many other churches in north-eastern France. It consists of three stories exclusive of the towers, and the three large recessed portals, adorned with sculptures, are fine specimens of early Gothic work. Especially to be noted are the carvings on the central portal representing the Last Judgment, including the very fine modern figure of Christ on the middle pillar by G. Dechaume ; and in the pediment group of Christ in Glory, the Angel, on the left holding the nails, is a masterpiece of thirteenth-century sculpture.

Above the gallery of the façade in the centre is a beautiful rose window, 42 feet in diameter, filled with the simple tracery of the early Gothic period, and at either side are double-pointed windows. Above the third story one finds the balustrade surmounted by the figures of monsters and animals, many of which are very quaint, familiarised to all visitors to Paris by photographs and picture post cards.

The two square towers, 223 feet in height, are each pierced with a pair of pointed windows more than 50 feet in height, and in the south tower is hung the great Bourdon de Notre Dame weighing over 2½ tons, one of the largest bells in existence, and possessing a wonderfully deep and sweet note. The spire which rises 148 feet above the crossing, is of wood cased in lead, and was erected as recently as 1859.

The interior of the church, which consists of a nave and double aisles crossed by a single short transept, is very impressive. The double aisles, which are continued round the choir, are the earliest example of such construction. The chapels between the buttresses and the aisles and choir are late Gothic. The vaulting of the nave, which is 110 feet high, is supported by seventy-five pillars, most of which are round, and unlike those in

other Gothic churches. The clerestory is pierced with thirty-seven large windows, and the ancient stained glass of the roses over the principal and side portals should be noted. Viollet-le-Duc designed the pulpit, which is a very elaborate one, and a masterpiece of modern wood carving. On the right side of the south portal one notices two black marble slabs placed there in memory of seventy-five victims of the Commune, among them the venerable Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, the President Bonjean, the Abbe Deguerry, and three other priests who had been seized by the Communists as hostages, and were murdered on May 24th, 1871, in the La Roquette Prison. The choir and sanctuary, which are separated from the nave and ambulatory by very handsome railings, contain choir stalls, and reliefs in wood, dating from about 1620, and chiefly representing scenes from the life of Christ and the Virgin.

By a pier to the right of the entrance to the choir is a medieval statue of the Virgin, early fifteenth century, the real Notre Dame de Paris held in high veneration by worshippers. Among the other notable things in the interior is the choir screen adorned by twenty-three richly coloured and gilded stone reliefs depicting scenes from the life of Christ, executed in 1319–51 by Jehan Ravy and his nephew, Jehan le Bouteillier. They are magnificent examples of Gothic art marked by great dignity and beauty. The magnificent organ dates from 1750, and was added to in 1868. It possesses no less than 6000 pipes, and has 110 registers and 5 keyboards.

The sacristy, in which is the treasury, was erected in 1843–50 by Viollet-le-Duc, and consists of two rooms. Most of the objects contained in the sacristy are modern, and with the exception of a few are of little artistic interest. But of the more ancient one may note the large Greek enamelled cross of the twelfth century; silver busts of St. Denis and St. Louis; reliquaries of the thirteenth and sixteenth century, the most interesting

of which is that containing the Crown of Thorns, Nail from the True Cross, and a fragment of the latter; and of especial interest to British visitors is the cross of Thomas à Becket.

Few visitors can fail to be impressed with the beautiful proportions of the fine nave and the wonderful imagination and taste shown in the carvings, especially those on the wall surrounding the choir, whilst the great rose windows are among the finest possessed by any cathedral.

One cannot forget, too, the many brilliant historical scenes which have been enacted throughout the centuries within the venerable building; including Te Deums in celebration of great victories, and the pageantry that always accompanies the coronation of kings and queens; and last but not least the solemn masses said to save from death Royal persons, and for the salvation of their souls after death. One pictures as one stands in the great nave, with its subdued twilight, Henry of Navarre hearing the Mass which had brought him a kingdom; Mary Queen of Scots, walking out of the church, wearing the crown of the Queens of France; Marie Antoinette, giving thanks there for the birth of the Dauphin; the "Little Corporal" coming here to be crowned, and many another historic scene.

One may well, while in Paris, read Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, which he wrote in 1831 at the age of twenty-nine and just after he had made his name in the theatrical world with *Hernani*. Hugo was living at that time in the Rue Jean Goujon, near where the Grand Palais now stands. Although Goethe considered the book a dull and tiresome show of marionettes, no other story, perhaps, of a popular nature brings the life of fifteenth-century Paris so vividly before the imagination.

In the square at the back of the church is the beautiful Gothic Fontaine Notre Dame, designed by Vigoreaux, and placed there in 1845. One obtains a most excellent view of the choir of the Cathedral from near this fountain.

But visitors to Paris who find themselves hereabouts with time to spare will be well advised to see this beautiful pile from many points of view. Indeed, one does not know the loveliness of Notre Dame until one has searched out spots from which one can receive the surprise of new beauties. One of these is the Pont de la Tournelle, from which at sunset one obtains a beautiful silhouette against the western sky, and, if one visits the bridge in the early morning, sees the exquisite flying butresses lit up by a golden light, and to the greatest possible advantage.

Not far from here along the Quai aux Fleurs is the site of Canon Fulbert's house, where were staged the opening scenes of the world-famous love-story of Abélard and Héloïse. Number 9 is the spot where the house originally stood.

Though perhaps the Abbey of St. Denis, just outside Paris, should really be given the position of importance occupied by the Abbey of Westminster as the burial place of many kings, Notre Dame may, nevertheless, be described as the Westminster Abbey of Paris, because of its beauty and historic significance, as may the Church of the Madeleine, at the end of the Rue Royale, be called the St. Paul's of Paris. Built by Napoleon I in 1806 in the style of a Roman Temple, with an imposing façade of massive Corinthian columns and intended as a temple of Fame, it occupies the site of an eighteenth-century church. The architect was P. Vignon, and Louis XVIII intended to make it an expiatory church, containing monuments to Louis XVI and unhappy Marie Antoinette. It was completed in 1842 from designs by Huvé. The building is 354 feet in length, 141 feet in breadth, and 100 feet in height, and stands on a vast pediment raised about 12 feet above the surrounding pavement. The Madeleine has one curious feature in that it contains no windows. The relief in the tympanum of the southern façade facing the Rue Royale represents the Last Judgment, and is by Lemaire. The magnificent bronze doors,

nearly 35 feet in height and 16 feet wide, are from designs by Triqueti, and are adorned with illustrations of the Ten Commandments. The appearance of the church inside is severe and somewhat gloomy, although the single spacious nave with its side chapels, in the rear of which are colonnades with galleries, is certainly impressive. The ceiling is broken up by three cupolas and a hemicycle, and the spandrels contain figures of the Apostles by Pradier, Foyatier, and Rude. There are a number of modern pictures worth seeing in the chapels and some sculptures, and on the High Altar is a group in marble by Marachatti, representing Mary Magdalene being carried into Paradise by two angels.

It cannot, however, be said that the Madeleine is either one of the most beautiful or interesting churches of Paris, though it is considered the most fashionable; but it is noted for its magnificent music and orchestral performances at great festivals of the Church, and during Passion week, and the organ is one of the best in Paris.

The Madeleine, in common with the Panthéon, has had many vicissitudes; during the Revolution it was turned into a Temple of Reason. It narrowly escaped destruction during the bombardment of Paris by the German "Big Bertha" in 1918, a shell from which gun burst just behind it, and blew off the head of the statue of St. Luke at the back of the church. There is a fine view from underneath the portico, looking straight down the Rue Royale to the Place de la Concorde, and across the river to the distant Chambre des Députés with its Corinthian colonnades, and façade somewhat similar to that of the Madeleine itself.

Dominating Paris and visible, indeed, for many miles around, the Sacré Cœur stands on the heights of Montmartre high above the city; at dawn often veiled in light mists and seeming as though cut out of mother-of-pearl, and at dusk like an intangible ghostly palace rising above the grey-blue roofs, and the myriads of lighted windows,

In form a basilica, this somewhat exotic-looking building was originated as an expiatory church in the years immediately succeeding the close of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71, and commenced in 1875. It is an imposing building in the Romanesque Byzantine style from designs by Abadie, and is surmounted by a large dome some 250 feet in height, with a clock tower nearly 390 feet high behind. The façade is adorned with two sculptured reliefs, Christ and the Samarian Woman, by A. d'Houdian, and Mary at the house of Simon, by L. Noel. The tympana of the porches also have reliefs, the subjects of which are the Spear-thrust of Longinus, by Barrias; Moses striking the Rock, by Fagel; and St. Thomas touching the Saviour's Wound, by H. Lefebrève. Over the main porch in a niche is a representation of the Sacré Cœur, by Michel.

The interior of the church is resplendent with mosaics and stained glass, which has a note of gorgeousness rather than of artistic beauty. The Sacré Cœur possesses in its bell, christened La Grande Savoyarde, because it was the gift of the Province of Savoy, the second greatest bell in Europe, measuring 10 feet in height, and weighing 19 tons, and these dimensions are only excelled by that of the great bell of Moscow.

No one visiting the church should fail to climb to the gallery that encircles the outside of the dome; in passing, it may be remarked that it is not worth while to ascend to the top of the lantern as the view is not appreciably finer. From the gallery encircling the dome there is a marvellous view of the whole city, the suburbs, and on a fine day for a distance of some fifty miles. Amongst the landmarks one notices are immediately below the dome of the Maison Dufayel in the foreground, with St. Vincent-de-Paul and the Gare du Nord; in the further distance towards the left the Buttes Chaumont, the two towers of Belleville and the expanse of Père Lachaise with its various large tombs and crematorium.

To the right, beyond St. Vincent-de-Paul, the campanile of St. Ambroise, the Colonne Juillet, the Hôtel de Ville, Notre Dame, the Tour St. Jacques and the Panthéon, the Halles Centrale, with the domes of the Sorbonne, the Val de Grâce and the Observatory; nearer in, the twin towers of St. Sulpice and the Louvre; and in the distance, the tower of Montrouge, and nearer to the right the Opéra House, and then again to the left the Vendôme Column; and to the right the dome of the Church of the Assumption, the gilded cupola of the Invalides, and the Eiffel Tower, which it is interesting to mark is three miles distant. Nearer to the right one has the campanile of La Trinité, the Madeleine, the dome of the Church of St. Augustin, the towers of the Trocadéro, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoilé, and the Fort Mont Valerian, while on the horizon are the hills of Chatillon, Clamart, and Meudon, with a wide expanse of intervening country.

In the near vicinity of this ultra-modern and somewhat flamboyant church is another of a very different character, namely, the Church of St. Pierre de Montmartre, which dates back to the twelfth century, when a Benedictine monastery was founded on the spot by Louis VI. There is a tradition that into this church were built fragments of a Roman Temple dedicated to Mars and Mercury, which stood on this site a thousand years previously. The church has a somewhat deserted air which, no doubt, arises in part at least from the attractions of its very modern neighbour.

The tiny Place du Théâtre just outside the church is a survival of more ancient times as are also the quaint and apparently almost deserted streets of the immediate neighbourhood. Indeed, the whole district of Montmartre has a provincial air, and seems quite aloof from the Paris that lies below it on every hand; although of late years many changes have taken place, and nearby old and narrow streets are disappearing. For a long period it has been the haunt of writers and painters who

Photo: Sport & General *London*

PARIS FROM THE AIR

Below one lies the River Seine, to the right of which is seen the Boulevard Saint Germain Quarter, to the left the Palace of the Louvre, the Tuileries Gardens (a black patch), and, in the foreground, de la Concorde and commencement of the Champs Élysées.

have from time to time actively resented various efforts to modernise or transform the *Butte*, which they have come to consider as their own particular *pied à terre*.

Those sojourners in Paris who delight in touching upon the fringe of the unusual, and for whom old streets with histories and houses which have seen so many changes, as have numbers of those in the tortuous streets of the *Butte*, possess an attraction, may profitably spend some time in exploring the by-ways of the famous "Hill of Martyrs." Remembering, nevertheless, that such explorations should not be made after dusk, except with the escort of some friend who knows the *Butte* and its denizens well, and whose knowledge of its habits and customs is not less ample.

In the region of the *Halles* or great markets near the Place de la Bourse, stands a famous church, Notre Dame des Victoires, founded in 1629 in commemoration of the taking of La Rochelle from the Protestants two years previously. It formed part of the Monastery of the Barefooted Augustine Friars known as the Petit Pères, and was used during the Revolution as an Exchange. The church has always been associated in the popular mind with deliverance from the perils of land and sea, and this fact will account for the many quaint *ex voto* tablets which cover the walls of the chapels, and other thank-offerings exhibited.

A church of a very different type to Notre Dame des Victoires is that of St. Etienne du Mont across the river, not far from the Panthéon. It is one of the most interesting of Paris churches. In the façade and tower one has a mingling of the Gothic and Renaissance styles of architecture with great delicacy of ornamentation. In this church is the shrine of St. Geneviève, who has always been popular with the Parisians because she saved their city in the dim past ages from the hordes of Huns under Attila, and so it is that this saint is always invoked in times of trouble when the city has been menaced by

calamity of any kind. Thousands of pilgrims and worshippers from distant parts of Paris, and inhabitants of the Provinces, who were in the city during the particularly dark days of August, 1914, and March, 1918, visited the church to offer up their supplications for deliverance.

The great feature of the interior of the church, which is broad and wide and contains fine stained glass windows of the sixteenth century, is undoubtedly the wonderful and elaborately carved seventh-century choir screen, or *jubé*, one of the rare survivals of such decorative features, with two delightfully carved staircases round the columns of the nave. The two side doors, with the pediments surmounted by figures, were designed by Pierre Biard, and date from the commencement of the seventeenth century. The pulpit should also be noticed, and the upper windows contain the best of the stained glass; the finest, dating from 1568, is ascribed to the famed Pinaigrier. Racine is buried in the crypt, as are also Pascal and Boileau.

The Church of St. Eustache is in the triangle formed by the Rue du Jour, Place St. Eustache, and Rue Montmartre, and although its exterior is not particularly attractive, the church is well worth visiting because of the mingling of Gothic and Renaissance architecture seen in the interior. The nave is magnificent, and exhibits where the Renaissance began to change the ornamentation, although the beautiful lightness of the Gothic architecture is preserved. Here Richlieu was christened, and Colbert, the great finance minister of Louis XIV, was buried. The church possesses one of the finest organs in Paris, and the music at the Easter and Christmas services is famed throughout the city.

At the back, and to the eastward of the Louvre, stands the ancient Church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, founded in the sixth century, but dating in its present Gothic form from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. To most people, perhaps, the chief interest of the church

will arise from the fact that the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, on August 24th, 1572, was given from the little bell tower of the church to the right of the transept. The story goes, of course, that Catherine de Médicis gave the order for the ringing of the bell by waving a handkerchief from a window of the Louvre. Paris at that time was all agog over the festivities which preceded and succeeded the wedding of the young King Charles IX's sister Margaret, a Catholic princess, with the King of Navarre, who was a Protestant. The ceremony took place on the 18th of August, 1572, and the people of Paris said forebodingly, because of the numbers of supporters of the Catholic and Protestant factions who had come to Paris for the event, "the wedding will be blood-red." And so it proved, for only six days later a signal for one of the greatest and most dastardly massacres of history was given. To quote an historian of the time, "Death and bloodshed ran the streets together, and the Seine was choked with corpses."

The interior of the church consists of a nave and double aisles, to which the lowness of the roof gives a depressed character. There are many interesting things in the church, including a Tree of Jesse in stone of the fourteenth century; the handsome woodwork of the churchwardens' pew in the nave, designed by Lebrun and Perrault; and the Chambre des Archives, formerly used as a treasury, reached by a spiral staircase, which has a paved fifteenth-century room in a fine state of preservation, with Gothic windows and a wooden ceiling. Many noted artists are buried in the church, and it was here that Molière was married.

At the top of the Rue Bonaparte, which leads up from the Quai Malaquais, stands the ancient church of St. Germain des Prés or St. Germain of the Fields. The name indicates that once it stood amidst rural surroundings instead of in the centre of a network of streets as it does to-day. It was, as were many other ancient

churches, built to shelter a miracle-working relic, which in this particular case was the tunic of St. Vincent, which Childebert, the son of Clovis, brought back with him from Spain. The church at first was called the Golden Basilica of St. Vincent by reason of the splendour it attained through the gifts of kings and queens and nobles of those days. In 1576 St. Germain, the Bishop of Paris, was buried here, and the church became known as St. Vincent and St. Germain, and finally by the name of the latter saint only. Nothing at all is left of that first church except a few fragments of columns in the apse.

Here were buried nearly all the early kings and queens of France, and the present-day building, which took the place of that destroyed by the Normans, has nothing in it more than nine centuries old, except the base of the belfry, which is about a century earlier. And even the beautiful decorations and rich gilding of the interior of the church which gained it its name of the Golden Basilica have vanished. But this ancient building remains one of the most historically interesting churches in Paris. The interior has been restored and almost rebuilt several times, and offers little of note except the fine frescoes of Flandrin, which, painted in 1852–61, represent parallel scenes from the Old and New Testaments, to see which adequately a clear bright day must be selected. The grey simplicity of the interior, however, lacking though it does any particular beauty, is certainly impressive.

In the Rue St. Honoré quarter of Paris stands the church of St. Roch, in the Rue des Pyramides and the Rue St. Roch, reached by way of the Rue de Rivoli. Near the site of the church, across the street, was the hostelry known as the "Three Pigeons," at which Ravaillac stayed during the time he was waiting in Paris for his chance to kill Henry IV, and in later years there stood a café on the same spot which Robespierre visited so frequently that it was finally called by his name.

Though a comparatively modern church, dating only from 1653–1740, St. Roch is one of the finest in Paris in the Baroque style. During the Revolution it was customary for the populace to turn the steps into a kind of grand stand, to see the tumbrils pass with their victims to the scene of execution in the Place de la Concorde, and it is said that it was from the steps of St. Roch that a woman spat at Marie Antoinette on her way to death. The interior, in which Corneille, the great dramatist, Diderot, and Lenotre, who laid out the gardens of the Tuileries and of Versailles, are buried, contains some interesting monuments, and also some frescoes in the chapels of the aisles, which paintings have, unfortunately, greatly faded.

It was outside the church of St. Roch that the Royalists placed their best soldiers on October 5th, 1795, when they were attacking the Convention. The "pox" marks on the façade and pillars of the church are where Napoleon Bonaparte's grape-shot struck, when he attacked and overwhelmed the Royalists. At the corner of the Rue St. Florentin, not far away, stands No. 271, an ancient tavern called the "Saint Esprit," with a fine wrought-iron grill on which there is a representation of the Holy Spirit. This café was famous during the Revolution, and the haunt of many of the leaders in that stormy period.

Another famous church is that of St. Séverin in the Rue St. Jacques. The building has several curious architectural features, including a wonderful apse. The façade is now composed of a portal of the thirteenth century brought from a church in the Île de la Cité, which was taken down in 1837. The handsome tower dates from the fourteenth century, and by the northern door stand two lions, between which the priests of St. Séverin used in the Middle Ages to administer justice. The nave is a spacious one, with fifteen windows, and the stained glass in those of the upper row is very fine and

worth noting, as it dates from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the immediate neighbourhood of the Rue de la Huchette and the Rue St. Séverin, in which the church stands, are some of the most ancient and tortuous, as well as the dirtiest, streets of Paris, interesting because they are some of the least altered during the passing of the ages.

The Church of St. Sulpice, on the Place St. Sulpice, dates only from the eighteenth century. The exterior style of architecture is not pleasing or at all beautiful, with its two-storied, severe looking façade flanked on both sides by towers of unequal height, the tallest 240 feet, rebuilt by Chalgrain. But, nevertheless, the building is a fine one of its kind, and the frescoes by Delacroix, Abel de Pujol, and other well-known artists, which are found in the various chapels, have been sufficient to bring the church fame and to attract to it visitors interested in Art. Under the convention this church was the Temple of Victory, and was the scene of a banquet given to Bonaparte in 1799.

In the transept is an interesting feature, a meridian line drawn on the pavement in 1743 extended to an obelisk of white marble, which indicates the direction of the true north, while a glass window marks the position of the south from a small aperture in which a ray of sunlight falls at noon on the vertical line of the obelisk. There is also a beautiful Lady Chapel behind the altar, with a Madonna and Child in marble by Pigalle. The organ of the church is one of the largest in the world, and contains no less than 6588 pipes.

Among other churches in Paris which are either interesting from their architecture or from their history, may be mentioned the Church of St. Augustin, in the Madeleine quarter. Being so modern a building, it has no history, but from its situation is one of the most fashionable churches in Paris.

In front of the church is a most beautiful monument

to Joan of Arc by Paul Dubois, with inscriptions on the pedestal in medieval French.

The Church of St. Vincent de Paul is also a modern one, in the form of a Latin basilica resembling Notre Dame de Lorette ; in the nave is a celebrated frieze by Flandrin, carried out in the manner of the early Christian mosaics at Ravenna. It represents the nations of the world advancing in solemn procession towards the Gates of Heaven. In the Lady Chapel behind the choir are some scenes from the New Testament by Bouguereau, and a fine group of the Virgin and Child by Carrier-Belleuse.

The Sainte Chapelle, on the Île de la Cité, with its high-pitched roof and slender, delicate spire, standing to the left of the main entrance to the Palais de Justice, was the ancient Palace Chapel erected in 1245–48, during the reign of St. Louis, by Pierre de Montereau, for the housing of the sacred relics, now in Notre Dame, which St. Louis brought back from the Crusades in 1239. The chapel is one of the triumphs of Gothic architecture ; but in the eighteenth century it was unhappily allowed to fall into a sad state of neglect, and was even used for the storage of archives. Its restoration was undertaken in 1855, and was carried out chiefly and very admirably by Violette-le-Duc. The only service now performed in it is the "Mass of the Holy Ghost," celebrated on the opening of the autumn sessions of the Law Courts.

The interior of the Sainte Chapelle consists of two chapels, one above the other. The lower one was originally used by domestics and other subordinate officials attached to the Palace ; in the floor are tombstones of many of the canons of the Sainte Chapelle. The upper chapel, which was reserved for the use of the King, the Royal Family, and more important members of the Court, is 66 feet in height, 155 feet in length, and 36 feet in width, and the proportions are remarkably light and elegant. The two chapels are connected to-day, as they were in the reign of St. Louis, by a winding staircase. As

one enters the upper one from the darkness of the stairway, one is struck all the more by the beautiful and soft colouring of the building. There are fifteen large windows 49 feet by 13 feet, framed in exquisite tracery, and separated by only the width of the buttresses. Perhaps nowhere in Europe is more exquisite colouring seen as the light streams through the magnificent stained glass, part of which dates from the time of St. Louis himself. Eleven hundred panels are set in the windows, and one might readily spend hours or even days in trying to read the story in colour, and in deciphering the quaint devices which form the windows.

The first on the right represents the Legend of the Cross, and the Translation of the Crown of Thorns, and the Wood of the Cross. The glass in the rose window dates from the fifteenth century, and represents subjects from the Apocalypse ; and in the first window already referred to, one has contemporary portraits of the Emperor Baldwin of Constantinople, King Louis, and his mother, Blanche of Castille.

The two recesses under the window of the fourth bay were reserved for the use of the Royal Family. And from behind the little grated opening in the fifth bay on the right Louis XI used to worship the relics without being seen. Behind the altar is a beautiful wooden Gothic canopy, under which the sacred relics were formerly preserved. The whole effect of this exquisite example of Gothic art provided by the Sainte Chapelle, cannot fail to impress with its loveliness of form and colour even the least learned in details of architecture.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME HISTORIC PALACES AND A FAMOUS ABBEY

St. Cloud and its Romance—Versailles and its Treasure House—Fontainebleau, its Palace and Forest—St. Denis, the Last Resting-place of Kings and Potentates.

ALTHOUGH the places dealt with briefly in the following chapter do not really come within the scope of "Things Seen in Paris," no one who visits the French capital should fail to see them. They are reached easily, and possess such historic and romantic importance, and are so beautiful in their respective ways that they claim attention which cannot be denied.

A voyage on the Seine is in itself a delight, and full of ever-changing interest in either direction from, say, the Pont de la Concorde. The downstream trip taking one past pleasant suburban residences, picturesque water-side cafés and restaurants, and finally through quite rural scenery; the gentle hills on the left bank rising tree-clad and villa-dotted, and on the right bank for a considerable distance taking one past the beautiful well-wooded expanse of the Bois de Boulogne.

Up the river takes one at first through more urban districts, past the Chamber of Deputies; the Louvre; the Institut de France; the Île de la Cité, with its many bridges mooring it to either bank, on which stand the Palais de Justice, the Sainte Chapelle, and Notre Dame; to the Île St. Louis; the vast Halle aux Vins; the Jardin des Plantes, and thence down the wide, straight reach past Bercy and Charenton with their busy *quais*,

to pretty Villeneuve St. Georges, where the Yères joins the Seine, and thus right into the country.

But a few miles down the river lies St. Cloud, a small town on the left bank rising in an amphitheatre. The modern quarter, known as Montretout, well-named by reason of the beautiful views that are obtained from it of the Seine, and the Bois de Boulogne across the river, is situated on the high land above St. Cloud itself. The name is derived from a great monastery founded here by St. Clodoald in 1522, who was a grandson of King Clovis. There was here, until the War of 1870, when it was destroyed, a magnificent château, a veritable palace, built in 1572 by a wealthy citizen of Paris. It was purchased by Louis XIV a little less than a century later, and he rebuilt it from the designs of the famous architects J. H. Mansart and A. Lepautre. Napoleon I often stayed at St. Cloud, and the second capitulation of Paris to the Allies was signed at the Château in 1815. The Palace afterwards became the favourite residence of Napoleon III.

The Church of St. Cloud is a modern Gothic building with a tall spire, but is worth entering on account of the frescoes by J. Duval le Camus in the choir, depicting the life of St. Clodoald. On the house opposite the church porch is a Gothic arch originally belonging to the ancient monastery.

The Park of St. Cloud is lovely and extends to nearly 1000 acres. It is noted, too, for its wonderful fountains and cascades, to the "playing" of the former tens of thousands of Parisians come, on Sundays and Fêtes during the summer months. The great fountain, known as "Le Jet Géant," to the left of the cascades, rises to a height of 138 feet, and presents, especially in windy weather when the sun is shining, a marvellously beautiful spectacle.

The ruins of the old Palace were cleared away more than thirty years ago. The path on the left of the cascade

leads to the old terrace, and the Trocadéro or private garden with the Pavillon du Prince Imperial, now a pleasant café. From the platform, reached by the Allée du Château, one has a most magnificent view of the windings of the Seine, and distant Paris. This viewpoint is still known as the "Lanterne de Diogène," from the name of a belvedere tower destroyed during the War of 1870–71.

On a clear day the view from this look-out is very extensive; in the foreground across the river is the small town of Boulogne, with the Arc de Triomphe; and far in the background Montmartre, with the Church of the Sacre Cœur rising above the city, white and gleaming in the sunshine above an illimitable expanse of houses.

Versailles is but half an hour's journey from Paris. It is reached by a pleasant route from the Gare des Invalides, during the journey affording glimpses of the Seine. The town stands at an altitude of 500 feet above sea-level, and is the capital of the Department of the Seine et Oise. It may be said that the town was created by Louis XIV, and it is a rather charming one with regular streets and spacious squares; and, of course, is world-famous because of its vast and exquisite palace, which is one of the marvels of the world.

It became, after the year 1682, the permanent and favourite home of Louis XIV and his Court, and is therefore very closely associated with the early magnificence of his reign and its decline. It was from this wonderful residence that the King and his ministers practically directed the Government of the nation; and, indeed, its military policy as well.

The Court, under the influence of Mme. de Pompadour, who had gained such a power over Louis after the death of his Queen Marie Thérèse, became very frivolous and extravagant. When Louis XVI ascended the throne in 1774 he was faced by the evil consequences of the reckless prodigality of his predecessors, and in his end he may

truly be said to have reaped the whirlwind sown by his ancestors.

On October 6th, following the fall of the Bastille on July 14th, 1789, the Palace of Versailles was invaded and sacked by a Parisian mob, included in which were thousands of women from the Paris markets, who insisted upon the King returning to his capital and the Tuileries. The town then lost its importance, a fact that was demonstrated by the rapid shrinkage of its population from 50,000 to less than half that number.

The deserted palace only narrowly escaped being sold during the intervening years, but at length Louis Philippe reinvested it with something of its former splendour, and it was partially converted into a picture gallery.

From the 19th of September, 1870, till the 6th of March, 1871, the Palace formed the headquarters of William I, King of Prussia, and here, on January 18th, 1871, he was, with the unanimous consent of the rulers of the German States, elected first Emperor of Germany.

The one great historic event of modern times connected with Versailles was the signing of the Peace Treaty here which ended the Great War. It was signed in the Galerie des Glaces on June 28th, 1919.

Versailles was the birthplace of Louis XVI, Louis XVIII, and Charles X.

The palaces and gardens of Versailles are better preserved than any other similar survivals in Europe, and as one wanders through the magnificent galleries and rooms, miles in extent, one is able to realise, to a certain extent, the magnificence to which the French Court had attained during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The greater portion of the main building dates from the reign of Louis XIV, and enormous sums were spent on the decorations of the Palace and the laying out of the Park. It is estimated that this marvellous series of buildings, in which Louis XIV gave equally wonderful entertainments in summer, and where Molière and his

company performed his plays, cost not less than £20,000,000 to build and furnish with all the magnificence of which the age was capable. It is said that the Palace at this time housed more than 10,000 people. The core, as it were, of the whole vast conglomeration of buildings is the little pavilion which was erected here by Louis XIII in the early part of the seventeenth century. This is still standing at the end of the Cour de Marbre, behind the statue of Louis XIV.

The best view of the Palace as a whole is gained from the terrace, from the steps of which, leading down into the gardens, by turning one's back upon the latter, one sees practically the whole of the frontage of nearly 2000 feet.

The gardens are wonderfully fine examples of what is known as French landscape gardening. In these gardens are marble-edged fountain basins in which are reflected huge bronze groups, which rise out of the water with delightful effect.

The Musée Nationale, which the Palace contains, is divided into two sections, the first comprising the State rooms and private apartments of Louis XIV and succeeding monarchs, and the second the wonderful Musée Historique, founded by Louis Philippe. In the latter section there are an immense number of pictures and sculptures of varying merit, and many of small value, of which the collection of historical portraits is the most interesting.

It is needless to say that to give even a mere list of things which all visitors to Versailles should see would be quite outside the scope of the present book. But we may indicate here and there an outstanding feature or object of special importance or interest which should not be overlooked.

The chapel, on the ground floor, was commenced by Mansart in 1699, and completed in 1710, and it is a masterpiece of the somewhat flamboyant style of that

period : richly, but not lavishly, adorned with sculptures, bronzes, gildings, and paintings.

Close by the chapel is the entrance to the historical collections containing paintings by famous artists depicting the history of France from Clovis to Louis XVI. In the north wing are other pictures carrying the history down from 1794 till 1830. The Galerie des Glaces is a magnificent saloon, 235 feet long, 35 feet wide, and 42 feet high. It was completed in 1684.

The bedchamber of Louis XIV is of especial interest because practically the whole of the decorations and furniture are of the period. The bed is richly adorned, and enclosed by a magnificent railing, with the Goddesses of Fame, and the figure of Gallia by N. Constou. It is a reproduction of that upon which the King died on September 1st, 1715.

The cabinets of Marie Antoinette, and the Grande Appartements de la Reine, and the Salle des Gardes de la Reine should be noted, as the latter is the room broken into by the mob on October 6th, 1789, when the three guards lost their lives in defending the Queen.

The Attique de Chimay and the Attique de Midi—often overlooked—should be seen. The first contains pictures and documents relating to the Revolution ; and the second historical pictures and portraits of important personages and scenes of the Restoration and Second Empire. Some of the paintings are of great merit.

Every visitor to Versailles should go to the Grand and Petit Trianon. The latter is particularly interesting. It was built by Louis XV, and witnessed many royal supper-parties, and in the dining-room can still be traced the trap-door through which the tables, already laden, were raised from the underground kitchens to the room. The rooms of the Petit Trianon are very daintily decorated, and many were especially arranged to suit the taste of Marie Antoinette.

In the Jardin Anglais, the charming little park close

by, among the trees is situated on the banks of a pool, the "hameau" or dairy, to which Marie Antoinette and the ladies of her Court used to come, pretending to lead the "simple life," to milk the cows, and entertain the visitors to the Palace.

One leaves Versailles almost bewildered by its sheer magnificence, and it is only after reflection that one grasps its beauty and historical and social significance.

Next to Versailles, the Palace and Forest of Fontainebleau is the place in the vicinity of Paris of the greatest historic importance and beauty. Many visitors make the journey to Fontainebleau by car, and they are wise, for the country through which they pass is both pretty and interesting. But Fontainebleau is easily reached in two hours or so from Paris from the Gare de Lyon.

The town is a quiet one of some 20,000 inhabitants, with broad, well-laid-out streets, a famous hostelry, the Hôtel de France, containing a wonderful collection of old colour prints, and curiosities, and notable for its cooking. There is not much of interest in the town itself, which almost entirely owes its vogue to its beautiful situation, its Palace, and most delightful forest.

The Palace, which occupies the site of a fortified château of Louis VII (1180), was built for Francis I in the first half of the sixteenth century, by the architects Gilles le Breton, Pierre Chambiges, and Philippe Delorme, and is of enormous extent. It was a favourite country residence with the French kings from the time of Francis I to that of Napoleon. and the later kings of the House of Valois gave many magnificent fêtes at it. Here Louis XIII was born, and it was here that the Prince of Condé died. Many royal visitors have been here from time to time. Here Louis XIV in 1685 signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and it was in the Palace that the sentence of divorce was, in 1809, pronounced against the Empress Josephine, the wife of Napoleon.

It was in the courtyard, across which one generally approaches the Palace, prior to the fall of Napoleon known as the Cour du Cheval Blanc, and now known appropriately as the Cour des Adieux, that Napoleon bade farewell, after his abdication on the 20th of April, 1814, to the Old Guard before leaving for Elba. Here, too, eleven months later, on his return from exile, he stood on a spring day and reviewed his troops ere leading them to Paris.

The entrance to the Palace is under the staircase known as the Escalier du Fer-à-Cheval, so-called from its horse-shoe shape.

On the second floor to the left one enters the Chapelle de la Trinité, originally built for Francis I, a very, noticeable feature of the decorations of which is the intertwining of the monograms of Henry IV and Marie de Médicis, Louis XIII and Anne of Austria. The ceiling is particularly fine, and was painted by Fréminet in 1618. In this chapel Louis XV was married in 1725, and Napoleon III baptised in 1810.

The most interesting features of the Palace of to-day are undoubtedly the apartments of Napoleon I, which are on the first floor on the side of the garden next to the orangery ; and those of Marie Antoinette. Those of Napoleon consist of several small rooms approached by an ante-chamber with paintings on the door by Boucher ; the latter leads to the Secretary's room in which the great Emperor's campaign writing-desk, etc., is to be found. The fourth of the small rooms is the Salle d'Abdication, in which Napoleon signed his relinquishment of the throne on April 4th, 1814, in favour of his son, on a small round table which stands in the centre of the room. The bedroom contains Napoleon's bed and fine furniture and bronzes.

The Salle du Trone, with a ceiling dating from the time of Henry IV, contains the throne used by Napoleon. At the further end of this room one comes to the apart-

Photo : Office Francais De Tourisme

PANORAMA OF PARIS LOOKING WEST

In the foreground to the right appear the roofs of the Palais du Louvre, to the left one has the Dome of the Institut de France, the buildings on the Quai D'Orsay, and in the far distance the Eiffel Tower, and the rising ground at the back of St. Cloud.

ments of Marie Antoinette, which never fail to please and interest.

In the beautiful rooms of this old-world palace one seems to capture something of the atmosphere of those bygone and, in many respects, gracious times, when the art of decoration flourished in its magnificence, leaving a veritable heritage of beauty for the wonder and admiration of succeeding generations.

The Galerie de Diané or de la Bibliothèque, contains 30,000 volumes, and is a hall nearly 300 feet in length, constructed in the reign of Henry IV, and also containing paintings of mythological scenes by Blondel and A. de Pujol.

Among many other notable things is the Salon of St. Louis; the Salle des Gardes, with a particularly fine chimney-piece and ceiling; and the Gobelins tapestries in the Salon des Tapisseries, with additional very ancient pieces of Flanders origin, should not be overlooked.

The Appartements des Reines Mères are reached by a landing of the main staircase. They were occupied formerly by the Dowager Queens of France, and are notable by reason of the exceptionally fine examples of French furniture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which they contain.

The principal gardens of the Palace are reached by the Cour de la Fontaine, which is flanked on three sides by buildings. On the south lies the famous Bassin des Carpes. The fish never fail to interest visitors, largely, one may imagine, because of the local tradition of their great age. Some of the carp are said to have been there since the time of Francis I, in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, though this statement must not be accepted too seriously. The garden known as le Jardin Anglais, laid out by Napoleon I, is one of the most charming. The "Canal," which is 1312 yards long, was formed by order of Henry IV.

No one who goes to Fontainebleau should miss taking

a drive into the famous Forest, which is 50 miles in circumference, and covers an area of upwards of 40,000 acres. It is one of the most beautiful in France, with the Seine running along its north-eastern side where the ground is of very varied character, with many rocks, magnificent timber, and picturesque gorges.

The two most celebrated and favourite views are from the Croix du Calvaire, about a mile distant above the town, from which a beautiful prospect is obtained, and the Tour Denecourt, from the summit of which one has a wide panoramic view of the forest and its surroundings for a radius of some 40 miles. In clear weather even the Eiffel Tower can be seen.

The famous Rochers and Gorges de Franchard, which lie some three miles from Fontainebleau, should be visited. As should also the Rochers and Gorges d'Apremont. Between the Rochers d'Apremont and the Mont St. Girard are some of the most beautiful portions of the Forest, and the romantically named Caverne des Brigands, which tradition states was used in the Middle Ages by the hordes of robbers infesting the whole of the Forest.

Robert Louis Stevenson lived for some time at Barbizon, a charming little town and haunt of artists some five miles from Fontainebleau, and while there wrote his forest notes and his essay on Fontainebleau, which may be read with pleasure and advantage by visitors who have the time to explore the delightful woods of which he wrote so charmingly.

As well miss Westminster Abbey when visiting and seeking to obtain a knowledge of London as not to go the few miles outside Paris to St. Denis, when in the French capital.

St. Denis, indeed, has been called "the Westminster Abbey" of Paris, for it is in the Basilica of this little town that the French kings and members of their families have been buried for over ten centuries.

A Famous Abbey

St. Denis is situated near the right bank of the Seine on the Canal St. Denis, and the rivers Croult and Rouillon. One reaches it either by tram or train, and most people will be well advised to do so by the latter, as the tram passes through very drab and squalid districts most of the way.

A Benedictine Abbey was founded at St. Denis by Dagobert I in the seventh century, and under the Carlovingian dynasty the inhabitants of the Abbey concerned themselves very deeply with political as well as spiritual matters. In 754 Pope Stephen II took refuge at St. Denis from the Lombards, and while there anointed the sons of Pepin the Short, the afterwards world-famed Emperor Charlemagne, and Caloman. The historic *oriflame*, so-called from its red and gold colours, or standard of St. Denis, was adopted by Louis VI in the early part of the twelfth century as the banner of the kings of France. It was suspended above the altar, and only removed when the King took the field in person. Its last appearance was at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. Abélard, whose love-story with Héloïse was destined to become immortal, dwelt in this abbey during the twelfth century, until he became Abbot of Paraclete, near Nojent-sur-Seine. Joan of Arc hung up her arms in the Church of St. Denis in 1429, and on the 25th of July, in 1593, Henry IV abjured Protestantism here. Napoleon was married here to the Archduchess Marie Louise in 1810.

The Cathedral or Basilica of St. Denis, which was converted into a parish church in 1895, is traditionally supposed to occupy the site of a chapel erected about the year A.D. 275, above the grave of St. Dionusius or St. Denis to which pilgrims, including St. Geneviève, came from far and near. The first abbey was built in the seventh century, and in the twelfth the famous Abbot Suger erected a more magnificent church superseding all of the original but the crypt and a few pillars. Suger's building marks the commencement of the Gothic

tendency in architecture, and is interesting because the developments from the Romanesque period can to a certain extent be traced at St. Denis. At the same time the church exhibits the Gothic buttress system in an advanced stage of development.

St. Louis in the middle of the thirteenth century was the first to erect monuments to his ancestors in the choir, and thereafter it was the practice to raise a memorial in the church to every king on his death. An honour which was afterwards extended to princes of the blood, and other distinguished persons. During the French Revolution the abbey was sacked and the tombs were broken open. There is a very vivid picture of what occurred in the *History of the Girondists* by Lamartine. Violet-le-Duc, one of the greatest of Gothic architects of modern times, carried out a wonderful work of restoration in 1859 and succeeding years.

The vast façade, which is striking, forms part of the building consecrated by Abbot Suger in 1150, and it possesses three recessed portals decorated with sculptures, those in the centre representing the very favourite subjects, "The Last Judgment," and the "Wise and Foolish Virgins"; those of the south, "St. Denis in Prison," and the "Months of the Year"; and those of the north portal, "St. Denis on his way to Montmartre," and the "Signs of the Zodiac."

Above the high-pitched roof of the nave is the statue of St. Denis, and on the right and left are two towers, one of which only reaches to the height of the battlements. The interior of the church, which consists of a nave and aisles crossed by a single transept, has a length of 355 feet and a breadth of 130 feet. The thirteenth-century nave, with its slender columns, its triforium, and its thirty-seven large windows, conveys an impression of lightness and elegance; the stained glass, except that in the lady chapel, is nearly all modern. The relics of St. Denis are behind the high altar.

A Famous Abbey

The tombs and monuments of the kings and other famous people are so numerous that the mere mention of even a tithe of them is outside our scope. But among the most interesting and most beautiful is the magnificent tomb of Louis XII and Anne of Brittany, which is an exquisite example of the sculpture of the French Renaissance. It was the work of the Juste family of Tours, and was fashioned in 1516–32. It is in the form of a shrine, with open arcades resembling those of the Visconti monument at the Cartosa near Pavia.

Henry III, who died in 1599, is commemorated by a fine spiral column by Bartholomew Frieur, nearby which, to the right of the High Altar, is the tomb of Dagobert I of the thirteenth century with curious and allegorical reliefs depicting the King's soul leaving his body and its reception in Heaven. The statues are those of Dagobert (recumbent) and erect statue of Queen Mantilde and Sigebert, Dagobert's son.

In a chapel to the right of the choir one finds a monument of especial interest to students of English and French history, that of the Connetable Bertrand du Guesclin, 1380, one of England's most redoubtable French opponents in the wars of Edward III with France.

There are scores of other monuments and tombs, including those of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, which claim the attention. Few actually nowadays contain the remains of their original occupants. In many instances, at the Revolution the latter were taken out of the tombs, and scattered to the four winds of Heaven.

Before leaving the Abbey one should certainly see the beautiful door of the south transept, close to which, on the south wall is the fine canopied tomb of a little girl who died in 1515, and was originally buried in the church of the Celestines. Nearby is the tomb of the famous Abbot Suger, who was the great ecclesiastical adviser of Louis VII.

One might well linger in this abbey, as in its counter-

part at Westminster, for many hours, not only seeking out the tombs of kings and potentates, but in reviving memories of the historic scenes in which they played their parts, and in conjuring up the events which have taken place in this ancient fane, and were associated with the names and lives of those who were buried here.

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